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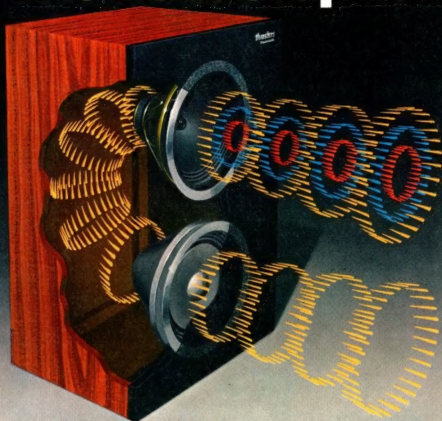
®

# TIME

## AFTER MAO



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WRITER BERNSTEIN (LEFT); SCHECTER IN PEKING LAST FEBRUARY

## A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

On the fourth day of his China tour, former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger was watching a demonstration of Chinese army marksmanship at a base 60 miles northeast of Peking. Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter, traveling with him, started when he heard the strains of the *Internationale* break out on camp loudspeakers—in China, a sign that something important was to be announced. Before leaving, Schlesinger leaned over to Schecter and whispered the news of Mao Tse-tung's death. Reports Schecter: "I couldn't believe it. Then I looked at Schlesinger's face, and I knew it was true."

Schecter, who has visited China six times in the past five years, began filing immediately for this week's twelve-page section about Mao's death and China's future. (It is the fifth and presumably last time that Mao has appeared on our cover since 1949.) Hong Kong Bureau Chief Roy Rowan, who covered revolutionary China for LIFE, and Correspondent David Aikman also added the perspective of recent visits to China in their reporting. Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidney interviewed Henry Kissinger on Mao. We also present an exclusive contribution from a newsmen who died in 1972 but knew Mao better than any other Western reporter: Edgar Snow.

In New York, Staff Writer Richard Bernstein prepared to write his sixth cover story on China. Bernstein speaks Mandarin, studied Chinese culture at Harvard, and has visited the People's Republic. After learning of Mao's death, he said, "I felt a sense of awe as well as a sense of relief. The event the Chinese have been afraid of and have been preparing for has finally occurred. If there is ever going to be a crisis, it will be as a result of this."

TIME has prepared a special report on the 37 American Presidents for use in the TIME Education Program and as a way to introduce ourselves to new subscribers. It will be on sale at selected newsstands starting this week. This special report is not a regular subscription issue. However, a limited supply is available to subscribers. You may obtain a copy by sending \$1 to Presidents, Time-Life Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60661, enclosing the mailing label from your TIME cover.

Ralph P. Davidson

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# Can you find the oil well in this picture?

The beautiful Wasatch National Forest in Utah. Towering mountains and dense forests, teeming with wildlife.

Even after man arrived, the simple majesty of Wasatch rolled on untroubled. It became a protected National Forest, a wilderness escape for thousands.

Then a vast oil deposit was detected beneath the forest. A reservoir of precious energy for a nation running short of it.

The potential risks to the environment were undeniable. Not just for the destruction of a recreation area. But for the further erosion of our vanishing wilderness heritage.

## Hiding an oil field.

When the oil people came, they did a lot of talking before they sank a single hole. They talked to the Forest Service. To the Department of the Interior.

Today, the oil field in the Wasatch National Forest co-exists with the environment. Pipelines are buried and tracks grassed over.

A system of unseen detection devices, warning systems and overflow controls protects the forest from oil leaks.

And, as the large photograph



A closer look.



The oil well is in the lower center of the picture. Hard to find, isn't it?

demonstrates, even the oil wells are difficult to spot.

## An environmental award for an oil field?

The Wasatch oil field was so hard to notice, the Bonneville chapter of the American Fisheries Society noticed.

For the first time in the 105-year history of the Society, one of its chapters issued an official

commendation to the petroleum company that developed the Wasatch field.

An oil field in harmony with a forest environment.

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The people of Phillips Petroleum.

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TEMPORARY SERVICES

## Doleful G.O.P.

To the Editors:

The Ford-Dole presidential ticket [Aug. 30] will be tough. Democrats should return to their battle stations. And Jimmy Carter should not ship his furniture or appoint his Cabinet yet.

Thomas B. Givens  
Renton, Wash.

My moderate instincts warn me against Dole's smart-alecky shallowness as he stalks arrogantly along. There is something of the Nixon-Agnew flavor here. I wonder uneasily how distressing



it would be should this glib practitioner, by some unfortunate circumstance, become President.

Henry E. Biggs  
Front Royal, Va.

Robert Dole is a man of intelligence, humor and wit. It is pleasing news to me that a candidate can open himself emotionally to the public and that our leaders aren't mechanical robots.

Laurel Wurth  
Briarwood, N.Y.

How come Dole can cry but Muskie can't?

Charlotte Minnette  
Evansville, Ind.

I would buy a used car from Ford.  
I would not buy a used car from Dole.  
I would probably buy a used car from Carter.  
I might buy a used car from Mondale.

Irene Streeter McLean  
Devils Lake, N. Dak.

Republican Vice-Presidential Candidate Robert Dole's homecoming introduction of President Ford as a "man I consider to be a friend of rural Amer-

ica, a friend of small-town America" was appropriate rhetoric, given the time and place.

Unfortunately, it is not rural America or small-town America that desperately needs friends, but our overcrowded, problem-beset cities.

Gene Paul Yarnell, Editor  
Community Advocate  
Detroit

Betty Ford's crude, unwarranted remarks about Nancy Reagan typify the mindless, permissive drivelt we have come to expect from that dancer turned counterculture apologist and defender of public immorality.

Curt Smith  
Clinton, N.Y.

My choice is so close, yet not running. It is Betty Ford, a wonderful and amazing woman.

Jean Louise Fifal  
Cheshire, Conn.

How ironic that the G.O.P. strategy is to "Give 'em hell." The Republicans did enough of that with Watergate.

Diane Bright  
Fairfax, Calif.

The Republicans will always lose the popularity contest to the Democrats because "sharing the wealth" is a much more salable term than an abstract word like freedom.

Timothy P. Uter  
Hopkins, Minn.

Bring on the debates! We the people are eager to see pilots of the Jimmy and Fritz, Jerry and Bob shows before deciding if we want to vote for one to premiere in January.

Sue Tracy  
Maplewood, Minn.

## No, Never!

Pardon, amnesty, forgiveness [Sept. 6]. No, never!

Who in hell is going to fight the next war? Those unopposed Soviets will not be deterred by the peace sign.

Calvin D. Ream  
Wewahitchka, Fla.

Jimmy Carter exhibited a tremendous amount of courage in making his policy statement on amnesty and pardon at an American Legion convention, in view of the paranoid patriotism that is always present.

The pardon would grant forgiveness in the hope that this country can get behind it the nightmare of Viet Nam.

Jack R. Dean  
Spokane, Wash.

## Send the B-52s

Our latest in a continuing series of foreign policy blunders—accepting the propaganda "apology" of the North Ko-



## IBM Reports

---

### Restoring confidence in business

**O**f all the challenges facing business today, none surpasses the need to put its house in order and regain the public trust.

Public confidence in business is lower than it has been for many years. In 1966, according to one survey, 55 percent of Americans had a high level of confidence in business leadership. Today only 16 percent do.

What has caused this decline?

Many things. But important among them are revelations of corporate kickbacks, bribed officials, illegal political contributions, secret bank accounts and the like.

Some attempts have been made to excuse such misdeeds, saying that "everybody does it." This is clearly an evasion of responsibility, even if it were true—which it isn't.

Many companies, including IBM, have rigorous codes of business conduct which they have lived by for years. Codes that clearly spell out the legal and ethical obligations of corporate citizenship.

Many others are working hard toward this objective.

We believe every company should have such a code of conduct. One designed to fit its own situation and its own operations.

We believe that each company should state explicitly the kind of conduct the company expects and the kind of conduct it will not tolerate.

We believe that each company should hold its people to strict observance of that code.

And where violations are discovered, we believe swift action to correct them should be taken—however painful that may be.

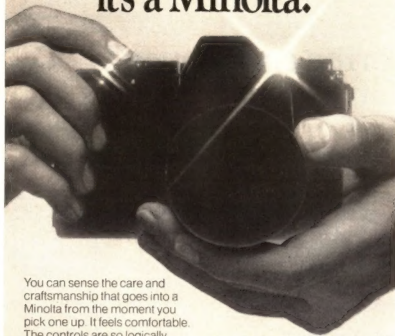
Restoring the good name of business deserves the urgent attention of everyone in business today.

It is the best way to assure the survival of business tomorrow.

Indeed, it may be the only way.

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## Minolta

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## FORUM

reans in exchange for the lives of two U.S. servicemen [Aug. 30]—demonstrates again the "gutless" approach of the Ford-Kissinger regime in dealing with puppet dictatorships.

Our response to this wanton act of cold-blooded murder should have been a squadron of B-52 bombers containing our explosive sentiments delivered personally to Kim Il Sung.

Jerome J. Longton  
Albion, Mich.

Peace will come to Korea only when North and South are united.

The American presence in Korea is supposed to contribute to peace, but it is only temporary. When our troops are withdrawn, a struggle between North and South will determine which dictatorship will govern all of Korea.

The American presence in South Korea is expensive to us and a negative factor to the Koreans, whose destiny is to unify their nation, either by agreement or by war.

We should withdraw and permit the inevitable to occur.

Joseph W. Mosser  
Washington, D.C.

## Worth a Journey

Your article "The Wall Triumphant," describing Berliners as "embittered and demoralized" in their "run-down and dreary" surroundings [Aug. 23], only furthers the myth of a Berlin populated by a handful of manic-depressive refugees clothed in gray sweatshirts. To the 2 million-plus people living freely within the 185 square miles of West Berlin, your comments ring contrary to a firm belief—"*Berlin ist eine Reise wert*" (Berlin is worth a journey).

David Mark Thomas  
West Berlin

I just came from West Berlin and let me say that the city is definitely alive and kicking—beyond those six blocks on the "Ku-Damm." Surrounded by walls, barbed wire, mines, armed guards with eager trigger fingers and dogs, the West Berliners deserve a medal for courage and tenacity.

Dale Dalton  
Sunnyside, Calif.

## No Accounting for Kids

Jerome Miller wants to help juveniles [Aug. 30], but he should consider the needs of society. As a police officer, I am frequently disgusted with the lack of accountability juvenile delinquents are required to show for their actions. Laws without penalties are meaningless.

Robert W. Adams  
Brooklyn Center, Minn.

Jerome Miller's method may have left Massachusetts with a \$600,000 balance of unpaid bills in his wake, yet that 50% reduction in recidivism probably

saved the state millions of dollars in terms of taxes it would have spent for institutionalization, etc.

Lawrence A. Hull  
Tempe, Ariz.

### Battle of Bennington

Your article "The Unmaking of a President" [Aug. 30] makes Bennington College sound like a haven for immoral relationships and gossip. Bennington is a fine school. The educational policies have always been progressive, and we hope to keep them that way.

Jennifer Gray  
Chicago

Re "real" Gail, "mature" Tom and "tutorial" Rush at Bennington. Will they write a position paper differentiating the fine points between moral and immoral adultery?

Barbara A. Litrop  
Bridgeport, Conn.

### Sleepy Scholars

Pearlman's discovery of a significant correlation between REMs and memory [Aug. 23] supports my rationalization for not studying at night.

Jon Huber  
Bloomington, Minn.

In *My Life and Loves*, published a half-century ago, Frank Harris relates that he discovered that if he wished to have dreams of sex, he kept thinking about sex until he fell asleep. Later he applied this method to learning German. Harris found that by studying before sleep he learned more than he did by studying early the next morning since his mind, while he was asleep, was still active.

Lakeman Barnes  
Mexico, Mo.

Little has been added to what Shakespeare recorded nearly 400 years ago:

*Sleep that knits up the ravell'd  
sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore  
labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's  
second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast*

John P. Ward  
Buenos Aires

### Whom to Hate?

Since Arthur Koestler writes that most American and European Jews trace their origins to the non-Semitic Khazars [Aug. 23], whom should the anti-Semites hate now? The Arabs?

Marek Padavitz  
Tel Aviv



# We're bringing back some top performers to do an encore for you.

Kelly is running the largest recruitment campaign in its history. We're asking the readers of *Good Housekeeping*, *Better Homes & Gardens*, *Redbook*, *Women's Day* and *Cosmopolitan* to help you with your workload. We want the top performers of the past to bring their skills back to the office to provide you with Kelly Girl® temporary help. We want the best because we know that's what you want when you need temporary help.

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# We think it's time and not just our rates.

We see a growing set of circumstances that is having a potentially disastrous effect not only on the insurance industry but on every person in American society. Liability losses in both personal and business areas have moved steadily and rapidly upward until rates have gone beyond the reach of many people. And the cost of paying ever larger and more numerous losses results in higher prices for many of the goods and services that you buy.

Here are some examples of situations that you pay for.

In many parts of the country the cost of a hospital room (not including doctors, special nurses and medicine) is approaching \$200 per day.

A \$4,438 automobile costs \$19,979 when bought part by part as your repair shop must do, according to the Journal of American Insurance.

In some parts of the country the burning of automobiles in order to collect insurance has reached near-epidemic proportions.

In the area of medical mal-

practice suits, in one state, ten times as many million-dollar awards have been made since 1970 as in all the years before. (You may want to go over that one again.) The growing volume of such suits is adding more than \$3 billion to the nation's annual cost of health care, according to HEW.

During a recent five-year period the average claim settlement in product liability cases has increased by 300%. The resultant astronomical liability protection costs have put some manufacturing companies out of business and threaten still others.

Despite higher premiums, the insurance industry, last year alone, had an underwriting loss of over \$4 billion in casualty-property lines.

These are only the direct costs and their effects. The indirect effects hit every one of us, in the form of higher product prices, higher costs for health care, unavailability of needed goods and services, in hundreds of ways, in every sector of our lives.

The next manufactured



# we raised our voice

product you buy may cost many dollars more because the manufacturer's liability protection costs shot up. Further, these are dollars that might have gone for engineering improvements that could have lengthened its life.

Or your doctor bills. In many cases they've gone up because of rising malpractice premiums. And there are indications they'll go even higher as doctors are forced to turn more and more to the practice of "defensive" medicine. That is, taking X rays, ordering diagnostic tests, etc., etc., etc., when there may be little recognized medical need for them.

Who's at fault? We're all at fault. How else could it happen?

But that isn't the point. The point is, none of us can go on pretending it isn't happening.

Is it hopeless? We don't think so. In fact, all indications are that this country is stirring itself awake. And we intend to continue to raise our voice on these matters. Because the more you know about the problems, the

more likely we can all work together toward effective solutions.

We're working with government agencies, industry associations, and private companies to do what we can to solve these problems. But we need your help. We'd like to know what you think and how you feel about insurance-related problems. And we'll share our ideas on these issues with you. Just drop a letter to our Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

Then maybe you won't just blame your insurance company and your agent. You'll raise your voice, too, by talking to your neighbors and friends, writing your representatives in government and contacting your insurance commissioner.



THE TRAVELERS

# TIME

## AMERICAN NOTES

### Toppled Idol

Great foreign leaders have always evoked strong emotions among Americans. Churchill and Gandhi, Hitler and Stalin—all had precise images, good or evil, and their deaths were cause for sorrow or celebration. With Mao Tse-tung, it is another story. In his lifetime, he was transformed in the public mind from archenemy to a more ambiguous figure who inspired neither hatred nor love, but uneasy admiration.

He embraced too many opposites to be more than partially comprehended: visionary and tyrant, molder of men's souls and master of men's lives, the abstract theoretician ruthlessly presiding over the liquidation of his opponents, the roly-poly uncle of his country dunking in the Yangtze. But Americans had learned to be comfortable with Mao. So long as he lived, China would not be especially friendly; neither would it be overly hostile. Now there is apprehension about which way the country may tilt. Mao's death was like the toppling of a giant, enigmatic idol, and nobody can yet foresee the repercussions.

### Muggers' First Prize

Everybody loves a park, right? No longer. In deteriorating, tension-ridden cities, parks are becoming as popular as pigeons. Writing in the current *Public Interest*, Donald Simon, a former New York City parks official, tells how communities are shunning parks and turning down proposals for new ones. They have often become the most dangerous areas of the city, 24-hour-a-day roosts for the criminal population.

New York City rehabilitated Fort Greene Park of Brooklyn, but restorations made by day were vandalized by night. Residents finally advised the city to stop adding amenities, such as bronze ornaments. "It would be like throwing them in the East River," a citizen warned. Rochdale Park in Queens won several awards because of its multilevel design; muggers also gave the project first prize, since it allowed them to prey on residents without being observed. Park users petitioned the city to flatten the masterpiece to make it safe. The city has been slow to respond for lack of money. So the park has been added to New York's fast-spreading urban desert.

### Knock Off the Imagery

For political candidates it should come as something of quick, quick, quick relief to learn that their high-priced campaign ads on TV really pay off. Or so the American Psychological Association convention was told last week.

Charles Atkins, a Michigan State University professor who has studied elections in Colorado, Wisconsin and Michigan, noted that more than 60% of the people whom he surveyed claimed that TV ads helped them decide which candidate to vote for.

Thomas Patterson, a political scientist at Syracuse University, who studied the impact of TV ads in the 1972 presidential campaign, found that they tend to stick in the mind longer than commercial plugs. "Most Americans feel that choosing a President deserves more consideration than selecting a brand of antacid." When asked to describe a political ad during the 1972 campaign, 56% of the viewers were able to give a full description of it—twice the number who are usually able to recall a commercial plug.

What influenced the voters was the positions taken by the candidates rather than the imagery that so concerns media consultants. "The imagery that candidates try to project does not work on the voters," says Patterson. He frets a bit about the overuse of imagery in the current campaign—for example, all the footage of Jimmy Carter traipsing through the peanut fields. The professor advises both parties: "Knock off the imagery and give the people the kind of information by which they can best judge the candidates."

### Truce in Boston

Police helicopters were not hovering over the schools, and the sharpshooter had long been removed from the roof of Charlestown High. Few parents were demonstrating or spewing venom at the cops. About one-third of the city's 75,000 public school children were being bused, but black and white kids were largely co-existing. The Boston schools thus opened without serious incident—in marked contrast to the year before.

Opposition to court-ordered busing had not abated. One-third of the white kids did not show up at two of the most troubled schools; a federal marshal and five policemen were injured in encounters with white malcontents. But violence was generally under control.

Many factors had contributed to this. Business and academic leaders, parents and students had worked to defuse the issue. No major new desegregation plans were introduced. Said Mayor Kevin White: "We start this school year with fewer transfers, less busing and more stability." At least Boston was spared the travail of Louisville and environs, where once again anti-busers clashed with police, smashed windows, set bonfires and had to be dispersed by tear gas. In Boston, as elsewhere, one could hardly speak of peace, at best it was a truce.



JIMMY CARTER SEEKING VOTERS IN PITTSBURGH  
A gesture worth a thousand placards.



THE FORDS LINE UP DURING FIRST CAMPAIGN WEEK (FROM LEFT): MICHAEL, HIS WIFE GAYLE, GERALD, BETTY, JACK, SUSAN, STEVE

#### THE CAMPAIGN

## On Abortion, the Bishops v. the Deacon

The first week of the election campaign was dominated by a delicate, emotionally charged issue that scarcely fitted into presidential politics. The issue was abortion. Almost everywhere that Jimmy Carter went, small but disruptive bands of right to lifers trailed him, heckling the Democrat because he refuses to support a constitutional amendment outlawing such operations. Meanwhile, President Ford invited six Catholic bishops into the White House and, in a 72-min. meeting, reiterated his support for a constitutional amendment that would allow each state to decide whether or not to ban abortion. Carter opposes this states' rights option too. Later, the White House announced that Ford had ordered a study of how to cut abortions paid for by Medicaid, military or other Government funds.

**Clear Signal.** The bishops said that they were "encouraged" by Ford, while they had been "disappointed" by Carter, who had invited them in a week before. There was, however, still room for improvement in Ford's position. Declared Archbishop Joseph Bernardin, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops: "Saying we are encouraged is not to say that we are totally satisfied. We feel there are better approaches than states' rights."

Though muted, the bishops' statement was a clear signal of support for

Ford. That would not cut deeply with many Catholics: the polls show that a majority of them oppose a constitutional amendment on abortion. But the bishops' statement might well make a difference with some of the urban, blue-collar, largely Catholic voters in the industrial states who are soft on Carter for other reasons, including his Southern Baptist evangelicalism. The abortion dispute could also profoundly influence the other right to lifers, many of whom are non-Catholics. Though they include fundamentalists, Orthodox Jews, Mormons and others, they are a small minority in the nation. But, like the gun enthusiasts, they are passionately interested in one issue, and they seem intent on voting against anyone who does not agree with them. Indeed, in such crucial, closely contested states as Illinois, Ohio and Missouri, the right to lifers are already mounting massive drives to get out the vote on Nov. 2.

Time and time again as he swung through 17 cities in ten states last week, Carter was confronted with truculent anti-abortionists who hurled epithets and waved angry signs. Sample: ABORT CARTER and CARTER SUPPORTS MURDER OF UNBORN BABIES.

The worst encounter occurred in Scranton, Pa., when Carter stepped out of his car expecting to greet a friendly crowd. Instead, he was suddenly swal-

lowed up in a stormy sea of right to lifers fiercely chanting "Life! Life! Life!" Carter's startled Secret Service contingent cut a path to the hotel door and hustled the candidate inside.

Next day in Pittsburgh, Carter fared better. As he passed by the Immaculate Heart of Mary Church in the Polish Hill district, he was met by smiling, flag-waving parochial school youngsters. Clad in a T shirt emblazoned PO LISH HILL, the candidate bowed as he was bussed on both cheeks by a parish priest—a gesture that may be worth 1,000 angry placards. Some bystanders admitted they were unhappy with Carter's stand on abortion, but they still intended to vote for him. "You have to look at everything as a whole," said one woman. "You can't just pick out one thing and say, 'I'm not going to vote for him because of that.'"

**Sympathy Backlash.** This attitude confirmed Carter's belief that he can reach Catholic voters over the heads of the hierarchy. Under the bishops' pressure a week ago, Carter had wavered and suggested that he might support some future amendment limiting abortion. Last week, however, he said that he "certainly would not change my position to try to get votes."

Indeed, his aides reckon that there may be a sympathy backlash among voters who resent the right to lifers riding

## THE NATION

Carter so hard. Moreover, many people, including Catholics, might well feel that the church hierarchy has every right to discipline the ethics of its own faithful, but not those of people with other faiths and principles.

But Carter did shift on the broader area of the economy and spending, moving closer to the ideological middle, where he had begun his primary fight. Aides were worried that his image had become too liberal since his populist-leaning acceptance speech and his courtship of his party's left wing. His wife Rosalynn, Press Secretary Jody Powell, Political Counselor Charles Kirbo and others had urged him to return to the theme of fiscal responsibility and the need to fight inflation.

The challenger took their advice when he kicked off his campaign at Warm Springs, Ga., Franklin Roosevelt's favorite vacation spot. While he compared himself to F.D.R. and Ford to Herbert Hoover, he coupled his call for some new social programs with a pledge of "tough management and careful planning, leading to a balanced budget."

When he went north to ethnic areas, he continued to stress fiscal and social prudence. Though he avoided the "ethnic purity" phrase that got him into trouble in the primaries, he vowed to maintain the "heritage of ethnic neighborhoods," which made much the same point in less inflammatory words.

**Signing Bills.** Ford also made the ethnic pitch, receiving Polish-American leaders in the White House and sending Wife Betty to a Lithuanian folk festival in Chicago. But, in contrast to Carter, the President tried to give the impression of moving very little, either physically or ideologically. Staying in the White House, he was at pains to show that he knew where he stood and that his experience could be counted on.



BETTY FORD AT LITHUANIAN FESTIVAL

A particularly delicate and emotionally charged issue that focuses on women.



ROSALYNN CARTER IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

He was determined to convey a presidential aura—and he did so again and again, turning normally private ceremonies into carefully orchestrated public affairs before the TV cameras.

A desk and chair were set up in the Rose Garden, and out marched the President to sign a bill providing \$200 million in compensation for the victims of the dam disaster in Idaho last June. An hour later, another White House door opened, and Ford emerged from another camera angle to sign still another bill: a \$240 million appropriation for day-care centers. This gave him the opportunity to explain why he had vetoed an earlier day-care bill and, by implication, why he had vetoed 55 measures in two years. "It is a better bill because my veto exercised a balancing influence on the deliberations of Congress." He had used this "constitutional check and balance" with one concern in mind: "To protect the American people from unrealistic responses to their very real needs."

Ford also played up the presidential role in foreign policy, casting even Hen-

ry Kissinger into the shade. Showing up grim and unsmiling in the White House briefing room, he castigated the Vietnamese Communists for being "callous and cruel." Of the 795 U.S. servicemen listed as missing in action in Southeast Asia, Hanoi had released the names of only twelve who had been killed. Ford pledged that until all the M.I.A.s were accounted for, there would be no normalization of relations with Viet Nam and suggested that the U.S. would continue to veto the admission of Viet Nam to the United Nations. He also responded to a charge by Carter that the widespread sale of U.S. arms is "as cynical as it is dangerous." Ford replied that most American weaponry is sold to Israel and Iran. "I assume he is not proposing to cut off Israel."

After meeting with his Cabinet and Vice-Presidential Candidate Robert Dole, Ford made clear that he—not Kissinger—would determine the next step in U.S. efforts to mediate between whites and blacks in southern Africa. Said Ford: "I will decide whether further progress can be made through a visit by Secretary Kissinger to Africa." Later, the White House announced that Kissinger would again go to Africa this week.

**Extra Mileage.** Obviously, the President got a big bang for no bucks in last week's campaigning. By staying put in the White House, he was given the mileage he needed at no cost to his campaign committee. Carter, meanwhile, spent more than \$200,000 on his extensive travels, including trips in his chartered jet, dubbed "Peanut 1." Some Republicans, including Dole, wonder whether it is enough for Ford to be presidential; they want him to get out to the people often and soon—rather than later as planned. But last week, at least, Ford lost no ground, while Carter—on the move and on the defensive—seemed to have slipped a couple of notches.





# If there's ever a lifetime car, it'll probably have this engine in it.

The diesel engine, invented in 1892, may well be the engine of the future. Because no automotive engine produced in the 84 years since then has been able to equal its toughness and economy.

That's why diesels are the engines used in trucks and buses that carry freight and passengers over long distances, day after day after day.

So while there's no such thing as a car or engine that will last a lifetime, there's no denying that a Peugeot Diesel engine in a Peugeot Diesel Sedan or Wagon is a big step in the right direction.

To begin with, the Peugeot Diesel engine is stronger than equivalent gasoline engines.

There are more structural ribs in the crankcase block. The forged-steel crankshaft, pistons, and connecting rods are heavier. The bearing surfaces are larger.

All together, some 100 pounds of extra strength are built into it.

What's more, there are no spark plugs, points, or condensers to be replaced, or carburetors to be adjusted.



Peugeot Diesel glow plug to replace.

You do have to change the oil and filter every 3,000 miles. And after 100,000 miles or so, you may want to replace the glow plugs.

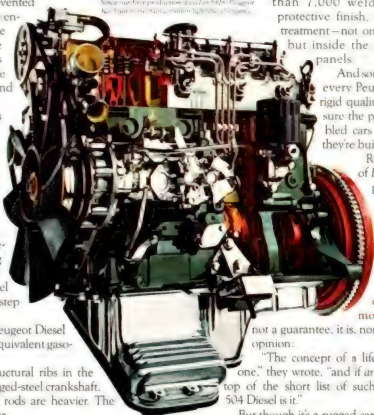
If Peugeot Diesel engines are tough, so are the cars they go into.

The patented shock absorbers are designed to absorb shocks for 60,000 miles of normal driving.

Many parts are costly forged steel instead of castings or stampings.

The body is put together to stay together, with more

Stronger than production diesel engines, Peugeot has four more structural ribs in the crankcase block.



than 7,000 welds, five coats of protective finish, and anti-corrosive treatment—not only under the body, but inside the doors and rocker panels.

And some 46,000 points on every Peugeot are subject to rigid quality controls, to make sure the parts and the assembled cars can last as long as they're built to.

Recently, the editors of *Road Test Magazine* put a Peugeot Diesel through a 50,000-mile road test. Then, they pulled it completely apart.

While their conclusion is the opinion of just one group of automotive experts and

not a guarantee, it is, nonetheless, an expert opinion:

"The concept of a lifetime car is a great one," they wrote, "and if any car should be on top of the short list of such cars, the Peugeot 504 Diesel is it."

But though it's a rugged car, the Peugeot Diesel is anything but an austere or uncomfortable one.

It's compact on the outside, but has much the same headroom, legroom, and trunk space as in a full-size luxury car.

And the same kind of luxuries come as standard equipment:

Fully reclining front seats. Deep, plush carpeting. Power-assisted brakes. Electric front windows. Tinted glass all around. And childproof rear door locks.

In short, the Peugeot Diesel is a tough, economical car because it's a diesel. But it's a luxurious car because it's a Peugeot.



**PEUGEOT**  
A different kind of luxury car.

For more information write: Peugeot Motors of America, Inc., Department One, Peugeot Plaza, 1000 Riverside Drive, New Canaan, Conn. 06840.



Steve Garvey/Los Angeles Dodgers  
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Vic Hadfield/Research Prographs  
International "Guns," Men's Brief



Lou Brock/St. Louis Cardinals  
Life® International Scandia Mesh



Fred Dryer/Los Angeles Rams  
Dual Purpose Sport Short

**TAKE AWAY  
THEIR  
UNIFORMS  
AND WHO  
ARE THEY.**

**JOCKEY.**

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Craig Morton/New York Giants  
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Terry Metcalf/St. Louis Cardinals  
Nylon A-Shirt/Brief



Ed Marinaro/Minnesota Vikings  
Life® Bosun Shirt/Slim Guy Brief



Jim McMillan/Buffalo Braves  
Life® Denim Brief/A-Shirt

# The Other Side of the Waffle

Waffle, v.t. & i. To flutter; to flap  
— Webster's New International  
Dictionary

Determined to pin the label of "waffler" on Jimmy Carter, Gerald Ford's campaign strategists are raising quite a flap over the Democratic candidate's widely reported inconsistencies, contradictions or obfuscations (TIME, May 31 *et seq.*). They accuse him of waffling on matters as disparate as abortion, grain embargoes, repeal of the right-to-work law and whether he would fire FBI Chief Clarence Kelley if Carter becomes President. Yet as Carter's forces are getting ready to counterattack, there is plenty of ammunition available.

Ford has changed his position quite a bit on matters of presidential policy. He had once dismissed the possibility of pardoning Richard Nixon because "I do not think the public would stand for it"—but he did just that. He reversed ground on economic strategy, first passing out WIN (Whip Inflation Now) buttons and urging tax increases; then, as the recession worsened, he called for a large tax cut and wound up with a 1976 budget deficit of almost \$66 billion. He vowed not to sign any bill extending those tax cuts beyond 1975 unless Congress agreed to an equal cutback in federal spending, but when Congress failed to do so, he signed an extension nevertheless.

A President with the full responsibility of governing, responding to shifting circumstances, is not in a comparable position with a candidate waffling under the political pressures of a campaign. Yet many of Candidate Ford's flutters have been essentially part of campaign tactics. Some examples:

**ABORTION.** Ford's position on the question of amending the Constitution to outlaw abortion, first expressed in a Walter Cronkite TV interview last February, was that "a constitutional amendment goes too far." Later in the same interview, he indicated he might accept an amendment giving each state the right to enforce whatever abortion laws it wishes. But last week Ford insisted, "My position is that of the Republican platform, and I will stick with it." Without explaining why, he seemed to see no distinction between his states' rights stand and the platform's, which supports "the efforts of those who seek enactment of a constitutional amendment to restore protection of the right to life for unborn children." This "right to life" plank says nothing about letting each state go its own way on abortion.

**ENERGY.** Ford began last year with a sensible program to conserve energy, reduce oil imports and expand development of domestic energy sources. Trouble was, it called for raising the price of oil by temporarily imposing import fees and ending domestic price con-

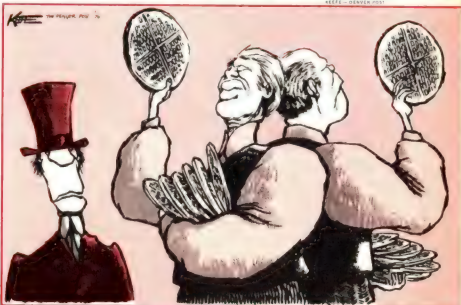
trols. The President abandoned his position late in the year under a crossfire of political pressures. He signed a bill retaining price controls on both new and old oil supplies in the U.S., which has discouraged growth of domestic production and contributed to increased U.S. reliance on imports. One reason for his change: the bill was popular in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, where people burn great amounts of oil—and where the first two primaries were held.

**DAY-CARE CENTERS.** Last April, in the midst of his battle against Ronald Reagan, Ford vetoed a \$125 million bill to improve health and safety standards of day-care centers for children of welfare mothers; the bill had been popular with most of the public—but not with the Republican right-wingers. Last week with the nomination safely in

loft, that he would sign the "common situs picketing bill," which would permit a single construction union to shut down an entire building site. But he gave in to great pressure from construction contractors and Republican leaders and vetoed the measure. With that, Dunlop resigned.

**GRAIN EMBARGOES.** Ford ordered moratoriums on grain sales to the Soviet Union in 1974 and in 1975. In his acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention, he pledged, "There will be no embargoes." Yet as Running Mate Robert Dole has conceded, embargoes on sales of food abroad might have to be considered if there were a national emergency, like a serious domestic food shortage. Carter has made essentially the same come-down on the issue.

**NATIONAL PARKS.** As attendance at national parks soared, Ford's Office of Management and Budget consistently



"... Ten paces, turn, then waffle at will!"

hand, he called in TV cameras to record his signing of a \$240 million compromise measure, in which the differences were mostly cosmetic.

**THE PANAMA CANAL.** Stung by Reagan's accusation last spring that Ford was "giving away" the canal, the President promised, during a campaign visit to Texas, that the U.S. "will never give up its defense rights... and operational rights." That was a flat contradiction of instructions that Ford had given to U.S. diplomats, including Ambassador-at-Large Ellsworth Bunker, who was negotiating with the Panamanians. Later the White House was forced to issue a "clarification" that amounted to a retraction of Ford's remarks in Texas.

**COMMON SITES.** In 1975 Ford gave public promises and firm private assurances to his Labor Secretary, John Dun-

lup, that he would let the National Park Service spend more to meet the demands. But two weeks ago, bidding for support from park lovers and conservationists, Ford posed before Yellowstone National Park's Old Faithful geyser to propose a \$1.5 billion, 10-year parks improvement program.

Certainly, consistency is not always a virtue in a politician. It becomes a vice if it means that a candidate or officeholder will never amend his judgment, never compromise on issues or respond to the shifting pressures of democratic government. For both Ford and Carter, each switch on an issue has to be examined on its own merits to determine whether it shows an unsure, vacillating nature, a yielding to short-term political expediency—or perhaps a sensible change of mind.

# The ColorTrak System.

## Could it be the best 25"

(DIAGONAL)

Over three years ago, RCA set about designing a new generation in color television.

The result was the ColorTrak system, a unique combination of many of the newest and most advanced developments in the electronics world.

The idea behind ColorTrak's design is to provide you with the consistently high-quality color picture you want in almost all viewing conditions.

Even before you see the picture, the ColorTrak system grabs the color signal, aligns it, defines it, sharpens it, tones it, and locks the color on track.

ColorTrak doesn't just give you a brilliant, lifelike color picture, it actually senses changes in viewing conditions and automatically adjusts to compensate. It adjusts for variations in broadcast signals. And for changes in viewing light.

Even more, the ColorTrak system provides our deepest blacks ever, for greater contrast and detail. It reduces reflection, for a truly vivid picture. It lets you make individual-viewer-preference adjustments in one easy step. It helps correct varying flesh tones without affecting other colors. And it puts all these features together in the most reliable set

RCA has ever made.

It's remarkable. And here's how it all works.

**Automatic Color Control works to keep colors consistent from program to program, channel to channel.**

The color signals being broadcast by different channels are not always the same. And the color signals you receive from each channel are not always consistent. So, you can get

color variations when the program changes, when a commercial comes on, and when you switch channels.

But ColorTrak's Automatic Color Control constantly

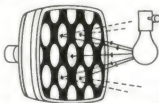
monitors the color and actually adjusts it for you, automatically, when changes occur. So you get a consistent, quality picture.

**A light sensor adjusts for changes in room light to keep your picture beautiful day or night.**

In a well-lit room, ColorTrak's picture automatically brightens to peak the colors rich and vivid. In lower room light the picture brightness is automatically reduced to make viewing easier on your eyes. With ColorTrak's light sensor, you get a rich, detailed picture day or night.

**A tinted-phosphor picture tube gives less reflection and a rich, vivid picture.**

Room light reflecting from the surface of the picture tube has always



Tinted phosphors absorb more light, give a vivid picture even in bright light.

been a problem, particularly in bright light, where it can make the color appear to "wash out." A light-absorbing black-matrix picture tube helps combat this problem on all our sets.

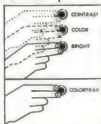
But ColorTrak takes our black-matrix picture tube a step further by using specially tinted phosphors on the tube surface. The tinted phosphors absorb even more room light, so you get colors that appear more vivid and lifelike.

**Automatically synchronized controls let you make three adjustments with one knob.**

Different viewers prefer different levels of contrast in a color picture

(contrast refers to the picture's light-to-dark ratio). With most sets, when you adjust contrast, you may also have to adjust brightness and color to maintain the picture balance.

But ColorTrak has Automatic Contrast/Color Tracking that lets you adjust contrast, color, and brightness in one simple step. Adjust the contrast to your preference, and both color level and brightness are



One adjustment takes care of contrast, color and brightness.



Automatic features do the adjusting; you do the enjoying.

Light sensor automatically adjusts picture for bright or dim viewing light.





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compensated automatically. The picture stays beautifully balanced, just the way you like it.

## **Constant-voltage circuitry protects vital chassis components.**

The voltage in your home electrical lines is not perfectly steady. Changes in the power load, as when an air conditioner or refrigerator starts up, can cause the voltage to drop suddenly. ColorTrak's Constant Voltage Circuitry reacts to these changes and adjusts to keep the set voltage steady. This helps extend the life of expensive chassis parts.

## **A Dynamic Fleshtone Correction System produces rich, natural fleshtones right next to brilliant greens and blues.**

Correcting varying fleshtones without affecting other colors has been a problem in color television technology. ColorTrak's Dynamic Fleshtone Correction System handles this problem, bringing varying fleshtones into the natural range while minimizing the effect on other colors. So you get natural fleshtones and



natural background colors side by side.

## **The highest quality, most reliable set RCA has ever produced.**

The ColorTrak system is a finely balanced system of features that work together to give you the kind of picture performance you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.



*The Bordeaux. Beautiful Country French style in genuine pecan veneer and oak solids with simulated wood trim. The top, a laminated composition in a handsome diamond pattern.*

And because we want you to enjoy that beautiful ColorTrak picture for years to come, we test throughout production. We sample-test all our materials before they become parts. We sample-test all our parts before they become subsystems. We sample-test all our subsystems before they become ColorTrak. And we test all our ColorTraks before they become yours.

We've made ColorTrak the set most tested for reliability that RCA has ever produced.

The ColorTrak system is not inexpensive. But when you consider the years of pleasure it will provide, we think you'll agree it is well worth the price.

Don't purchase any other set until you see ColorTrak. And judge it for yourself.

# RCA ColorTrak

**RCA is making television better and better.**

# Why is Tareyton better? Others remove.

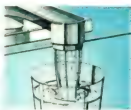
## Tareyton improves.

### The Reason is Activated Charcoal

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.

As a matter of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.



### Charcoal: History's No. 1 filter

Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.

Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes, including the refining of sugar!

Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.

Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.

Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

Charcoal also plays a key role in auto pollution control devices.



### Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste.

But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced... but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



"...That's why  
us Tareyton smokers  
would rather fight  
than switch."



**Tareyton is America's  
best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine,  
100 mm. 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.



DOLE CHATTING WITH RACING DRIVER RICHARD PETTY AT THE SOUTHERN 500

## Dole: The Caustic Comedian

*The presidential contenders have assigned much of the day-to-day campaigning chores to their running mates. Republican Robert Dole and Democrat Walter Mondale. Accompanying Dole last week was TIME Correspondent Dean Fischer, who filed this story. It is followed by TIME Correspondent John STACKS' report on the Mondale campaign.*

Waving Confederate flags, emitting Rebel yells, and sipping beer from paper cups, spectators at the big raceway in Darlington, S.C., wanted with genial impatience last week for the start of the Southern 500, a classic stock-car event. They barely noticed the tall, lean man whose neat blue and white seersucker suit contrasted sharply with the bib overalls, T shirts and baseball caps in the crowd. Then the stranger in town stepped up onto the platform erected temporarily on the edge of the track, approached the microphone, and desperately tried to create an instant rapport with his audience. "I'm more of a stock-car fan today than I was yesterday," shouted Senator Robert Dole, the Republican vice-presidential nominee and Jerry Ford's vote-hunting emissary to alien lands.

**Light Heart.** Dole's brave try to win favor by kidding his own predicament aroused only scattered applause. For a few minutes, the Senator signed autographs, chatted with Ace Driver Cale Yarborough—a folk hero in the South for his lead foot and light heart—and smilingly posed for photographs with Miss Cindy McDowell, Miss Southern 500. Suddenly a roar swept through the crowd. Jimmy Carter was emerging from a green Chrysler, grinning with delight, totally at ease in familiar surroundings. When Carter reached the stand, the Republican vice-presidential nominee edged toward the Democratic

presidential nominee. Smiling, Carter edged away. Finally, Dole maneuvered himself into a position next to the Georgian. "Glad to see you," said Carter.

Now it was his turn to address the crowd. Declaring that he had been a stock-car fan for 25 years, Carter promised that if he was elected President the drivers would be invited to the White House. Standing ten feet away, Dole remarked to anyone within earshot: "It's going to be a busy place."

The performance at the 500 was Bob Dole at his best: trying gallantly to cope with an awkward situation, kidding himself in the process, and doing his damndest to win support for Ford and the Republican ticket. As the vice-presidential candidate, Senator Dole sees his role in the campaign as that of "the lead dog," seeking new and promising territory for the G.O.P. He also has the job of carrying the fight to the Democrats, at least early in the campaign, while the President follows the strategy of staying put in the White House and acting "presidential."

Barnstorming through Dixie, Dole

insisted, "We're not writing off the South. We're saying 'right on' in the South." To a group of supporters in South Carolina, he declared: "Carter may be your geographic neighbor, but we want to be your philosophic neighbor." Inevitably, Dole got in a sharp dig at what he calls Carter's "equivocation." A common line: "He has taken so many stands on 14B [the right-to-work law], the next time they ask him, he'll probably say it's his shoe size."

**Adult Game.** Dole was temporarily distracted from his assigned role last week when former Gulf Oil Lobbyist Claude Wild Jr. claimed he had given the Senator a \$2,000 campaign contribution in 1970. Dole insisted he had no knowledge of any such transaction, and after a flurry of activity by reporters scenting scandal, Wild lamely admitted that he was sure he had been "in error" in making his charge. Wild did not comment on the allegation that he illegally gave Dole's administrative assistant \$5,000 to \$6,000 for the Senator's 1974 campaign—a claim Dole has denied. The headlines were painful for Dole: "I'd forgotten how tough the press was," he said. "I just haven't had that intense scrutiny before. This is different. It's an adult game we're in."

In the weeks ahead, Dole will be stumping through Florida, Alabama, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Utah, California, Missouri, South Dakota and Kansas, "making points for the President" by sniping at Carter in the North, and concentrating his fire in the South on Senator Walter Mondale, the Georgian's running mate. Hoping to claim the middle of the road for the Republicans, Dole will be pointing to the liberal voting record of Mondale, whom he calls Mr. Busing.

Dole will also be trying to play the adult game of presidential politics for some laughs—at his and the Republicans' expense. "Half the people don't know my name," he likes to say, "and the other half think it's something to drink." As for the parlous state of the G.O.P., Dole told a crowd in Carbondale, Ill., "I'm very proud to be here. Being a Republican, I'm proud to be anywhere."

## Mondale: Hard-Driving Optimist

At the Democratic National Convention, Fritz Mondale rashly promised to put in more hours politicking each day than even his indefatigable running mate, Jimmy Carter. Last week, after rising before the sun, Mondale formally began his part of the Democratic campaign at Washington's National Airport, enthusiastically shaking every proffered hand—and even a mechanic's leg that was dangling from an airplane's cargo hold. Then he boarded a chartered Boeing 727 to begin a week-long, dawn-to-midnight campaign swing that took him to 14 cities in elev-

en states. But at midweek, when his speeches began going flat, aides had to insert rest periods in his fatiguing schedule, and Mondale admitted defeat. Said he: "Nobody gets up earlier than Jimmy Carter."

Even so, Mondale's energetic campaigning erased any lingering doubts about his drive and stamina. The questions had been raised because, in dropping out of the race for the Democratic presidential nomination in November 1974, he said he lacked an "overwhelming desire" for the office. Aides attribute some of Mondale's new zeal to the



**FRITZ MONDALE PLAYFULLY GREETING AN AIRPLANE MECHANIC IN WASHINGTON**  
The standard stump speech became laced with Carterisms.

fact that his partisan appetite has been whetted by the chance to go after Gerald Ford and Robert Dole instead of fellow Democrats. Then, too, Mondale has a sense of impending victory—an optimism that was missing during the primaries. Says he: "The issues are cutting with us. The Ford Administration isn't going anywhere. It's dead." The party's new unity was tonic as well. As Mondale noted during a flight from New Mexico to Iowa, "The hostility, bitterness, rudeness, vulgarity—you don't see that this year."

For so young a campaign, the Mondale effort seemed surprisingly well organized. Rather than aiming just for large crowds last week, schedulers set up a variety of small group meetings. One morning, for example, Mondale saw no more than 150 people at three labor hiring halls in Los Angeles, then went on to San Diego, where he talked to a handful of workers and officers at the U.S. naval base. Mondale called this low-keyed approach "listening and learning," explaining that it was patterned after Carter's early efforts to get in touch with the American people. Indeed, Mondale frequently told his audiences that Ford is "sitting behind his desk practicing being President. He should get out and earn it." The small, more intimate settings have another advantage that Mondale did not mention they make for good television.

**No Writer.** Mondale delivered his speeches with ease and with humor that was often directed at himself. He lacks a good gag writer, but got off a few zingers of his own. Sample: "President Ford says he wants more national parks. Well, I've checked his record, and the only park he has supported is the President of South Korea." Throughout the week,

Mondale struggled to blend the liberalism that he learned at Hubert Humphrey's knee with Carter's politics of moral leadership. At times Mondale seemed to forget that inflation now comes first in Carter's list of problems to be solved. In city after city he stressed unemployment, claiming that "counting discouraged workers, there are now more people out of work than the entire population of Ohio." To a largely working-class audience in Barberton, a suburb of Akron, he declared "Any Administration that can't promise jobs shouldn't be in office."

As the week progressed, however, the standard stump speech became laced with Carterisms. At a Democratic Party rally in Albuquerque, Mondale urged a new Government "close to the values we have learned in church." He added, "Washington seems distant, isolated, out of touch with the American people." Touring a 1,700-acre farm in Missouri, he described the family farm as "our most sacred institution" and blamed farmers' problems with some Government programs on "unknown, unelected, faceless bureaucrats."

Like Carter, Mondale stayed clear of personal assaults on Ford. About as close as he came in a speech was to suggest lack of leadership. Said he: "The country needs someone in charge. [Republicans are] nice people, but they are tired and need a rest." It is still too early to gauge how much Mondale's unabrasive, uncontroversial campaign will contribute to his party's ticket, but clearly he is titing in well with Jimmy Carter's campaign scheme. In the final analysis, the race is Carter's to win or lose. Thus if Mondale simply continues to avoid hurting the ticket, that may be contribution enough.

## POLITICS

### Arizona Shootout

Under the hot Arizona sun, the two bitter enemies circled each other like battling scorpions, stingers at the ready. Jabbed Representative John Conlan: "We are both conservatives, but our style is different. He uses a meat ax and I use a scalpel." Riposted Representative Sam Steiger: "John thinks of himself as a scalpel. I prefer to think of him as a Roto-Rooter." So it went in perhaps the year's most vicious political contest, the fight for the Arizona Republican nomination to succeed retiring G.O.P. Senator Paul Fannin. Last week that contest ended when Steiger, by a margin of about 10,000 votes out of a record 195,000 cast, captured the nomination. He may well have won a Pyrrhic victory.

**Fast Lip.** Steiger, 45, is a New York-born Jew who headed west 28 years ago and worked successively as rodeo bulldogger, airplane wing-walker, horse-race broadcaster, rancher and—since 1967—U.S. Congressman. He frequently sports lizardskin cowboy boots, silver belt buckles and pearl-buttoned shirts. Endowed with the brashness and fastest lip in Arizona politics, he once angered fellow Congressmen by observing that many of them were usually too drunk to be trusted pushing a wheelbarrow. More recently, he made headlines by shooting two burros that he claimed attacked him on a neighbor's ranch near Prescott.

His defeated adversary, Conlan, 46, a two-term Congressman who often wears white patent-leather shoes and white socks, is equally aggressive, but somewhat more polished. A former Fulbright scholar and Harvard-educated

**STEIGER ON HORSE FARM IN PRESCOTT**



## 3 of America's best energy savers:




## Your gas heating system, gas water heater and you.

### Your gas equipment saves energy.

Natural gas is efficient energy. That comes right from the U.S. Council on Environmental Quality. And it's an important advantage these days, when America needs to get the most work for the fuel expended. Not only is gas itself efficient, but so are today's gas appliances. There are new gas heating systems with gas-saving pilots that are only "on" when the furnace is operating. And now there are gas water heaters that save gas with double-density insulation and improved fuel utilization.

### You can help save more.

Here are a few simple ideas for saving heat, and conserving America's gas. Turn your thermostat down a few degrees. Use storm doors and windows. Be sure your house is well-insulated. And don't forget that saving hot water will help save gas. Keep your water heater at the normal setting or lower. Take shorter showers. Fix leaky faucets. And do full loads in your dishwasher and washing machine.

Use gas wisely. It's clean energy for today and tomorrow. **AGA** American Gas Association 



## THE NATION

lawyer, he is an evangelical Protestant and heads a controversial movement called Christian Freedom Foundation, which seeks to weld conservative Christians into a powerful voting bloc.

Both men have almost identical philosophies and voting records—Americans for Conservative Action rates them as 100% conservatives—but have hated each other for years. The campaign never rose above the personal level. Charging that Steiger had "scandals and skeletons" in his closet, Conlan preached a hard-nosed gospel of "getting all God-fearing people to come out of the pews and go to the polls to stop the moral decay that is eroding our country." Supporters of Conlan wrote letters asking some 800 clergymen to persuade church members to vote for him because "it sure would be nice to have a man with a clear testimony for Jesus Christ representing Arizona and America." Steiger called his opponent a "total plastic politician" and a "dangerous man" who had been "bought and paid for" by a race-track operator who reputedly has Mafia ties. Replied Conlan: "Dirty gutter politics."

Steiger's campaign was hurt early on when he was erroneously linked with the gangland-style slaying of Don Bolles, the Arizona Republic reporter who was killed by a bomb planted in his car (TIME, June 28). When Steiger went to the police to offer help in solving the slaying, headlines in the Republic gave the false impression that he was a suspect. Later, the newspaper endorsed Steiger, partly offsetting the damage.

**Never Honest.** Conlan maintained a narrow lead until the closing weeks of the campaign, when the religious issue backfired. The seemingly anti-Semitic tone of his campaign angered Senator Barry Goldwater, the most highly respected figure in Arizona politics. He endorsed Steiger, who had already won the support of Senator Iannini. Throwing aside all caution, Conlan further provoked Goldwater by telling a reporter: "I don't know what it is with Barry. Maybe it's the pain [from a hip operation]. Maybe it's the drinking he's been doing." The outraged Goldwater struck back: "I've had all I can take from this guy. I'd hate to serve in the U.S. Senate with him. He's never been honest in politics. He just doesn't keep his word."

Though Steiger promised to raise the tone of the forthcoming election campaign by focusing on issues and not on personalities, he was still bitter about the primary fight. Said he: "You can live a full, rich life and never run against John Conlan." Conlan was making no move to heal the party's wounds either, which was good news to the obvious beneficiary of all the G.O.P. discord: Dennis DeConcini, 39, of Tucson, a former county district attorney, who handily won the three-way Democratic primary. If the split among Arizona Republicans continues, he will have a good chance of regaining the Senate seat that Democrats lost eight years ago.

## ALABAMA

### The Wallace Tapes

As Cornelia Wallace tells it in *Cornelia*, her highly personal portrayal of life with Alabama Governor George Wallace, their marriage was warm and close, both emotionally and physically. They shared baths together, sometimes "hugged and kissed and cried and sobbed," and were intimate even after his gunshot wounds made conventional sexual relations impossible. She tells how she once shoed the security men out of George's hospital room as he recuperated; she locked the door "and returned to the arms of my waiting husband." Afterward, "his wheelchair had a new wiggle in its roll—and I had a new bounce in my walk." She fondly recalls the day when George "told me how

Still, the relationship between George and Cornelia could directly affect Alabama politics. Wallace is barred by state law from running for re-election in 1978. Cornelia is considered a possible prospect to try to succeed him, just as Wallace's first wife, Lurleen, followed him as Governor in 1967 (she died of cancer 17 months after taking office). If the taping episode indicates a wide rift between the Wallaces, Cornelia would be seriously damaged politically, without George's all-out support, she could hardly hope to win. But Wallace promised last week that if Cornelia does run, he "would be as strong for her as I was for my first wife."

**Marital Difficulties.** That leaves the motivation for the taping a mystery. Although there have been rumors that the two were having marital difficulties, there has been only one cred-



GEORGE & CORNELIA IN BOSTON DURING 1976 PRIMARY ELECTION CAMPAIGN  
The portrait was shattered; the tapes were destroyed.

very much he loved me and that he couldn't have me without me."

That cozy portrait was shattered last week with the revelation that a recording device had been discovered in the telephone between the beds of Cornelia and George in their master bedroom. Also, 200 five-minute tape recordings had been found by security officers in a safe used by Cornelia in the Governor's mansion in Montgomery. Though lie-detector tests were being administered by state police to members of the mansion's staff, apparently in an effort to find out who had leaked word of the taping, Wallace refused to say that Cornelia had planned the bugging. "This happened in my bedroom between me and my wife," he said at a press conference. "What happens between me and my wife, as long as it doesn't affect the state of Alabama or my service as Governor, remains the business of me and my wife."

ible explanation for what Cornelia might have wanted to learn about George's telephone conversations. Claiming it had "highly reliable sources," the Montgomery *Advertiser* reported that Cornelia did institute the taping, but only after she learned that George had placed her under some kind of surveillance. According to the *Advertiser*, Cornelia heard her husband make "disparaging remarks" about her on the tapes and consulted a lawyer about a divorce. When Wallace learned of the bugging, he, too, according to the paper, considered a divorce.

Clearly, neither George nor Cornelia was about to clear up the many unanswered questions. Unlike the former holder of the century's most famous tapes, Wallace was apparently determined not to be embarrassed by anything on the recordings. The tapes, he revealed, "are no longer in existence."

# DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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## BARKLEY L. HENDRICKS

HOME: New London, Connecticut

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Painter, photographer, fine arts instructor

HOBBIES: Music, basketball, traveling

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "I Wonder as I Wander" by Langston Hughes

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Displayed at a major bicentennial exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which featured the paintings of over 500 artists from American history.

QUOTE: "My work provides me with total freedom. In turn, it demands total honesty. So long as one can remain honest with himself and his work, he'll have the freedom for the exploration and satisfaction of his foremost feelings and desires."

PROFILE: Sensitive. Has a rare talent for capturing and expressing universally felt emotions in his paintings.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label."



**Authentic.** There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards established in 1846 have never varied. Whether you ask for Dewar's or "White Label," you'll get the same great Scotch.

**Dewar's never varies.**

## INTELLIGENCE

# Lieutenant Belenko's Gift

Construction workers at the Hakodate civilian airport on Hokkaido, the northernmost of the main Japanese islands, could hardly believe their eyes when a strange and spectacular-looking aircraft, a red star emblazoned on each of its twin tails, suddenly swept in for an unexpected landing. As the plane touched down, a tire blew out, and the plane rolled beyond the end of the mile-long runway before braking to a stop. When the workers rushed closer for a better view, a young man in a gray flying suit and white helmet climbed out, brandishing an automatic pistol. "Get back!" he cried in Russian. "I am a lieutenant in the Soviet air force, and I want to go to the United States." Pointing to his plane, he said, "This is top secret. Please cover it up and take care of it." Then he fired one warning shot to discourage a construction worker from taking pictures.

In that manner, 1st Lieut. Viktor Ivanovich Belenko, 29, last week pulled off one of the most daring escapes of the cold war. In the view of U.S. Air Force and intelligence experts, it was also one of the most significant: Belenko was flying the MIG-25, which has never been examined by Western specialists. Called "Foxbat" in the NATO code, it is the world's fastest weapons-carrying warplane, having attained a record speed\* of 1,852.6 m.p.h. and a test altitude of 118,000 ft.—outrunning and outclimbing even the newest U.S. fighter planes. Thus a study of the MIG-25's complex radar, engines and missile system could provide U.S. experts with new insights about the current state of Soviet aeronautical and electronic technology. Delighted by Belenko's gift, the White House immediately announced its willingness to grant political asylum to the Soviet lieutenant. At week's end he arrived in Los Angeles aboard a commercial airliner from Tokyo en route to a secret destination, where he will be

\*The U.S.'s SR-71, which last July flew at 2,200 m.p.h., is used solely for reconnaissance.

questioned by U.S. military and intelligence officers. Heading in the opposite direction, a team of Air Force experts left for Japan to analyze and assess the MIG-25.

Belenko's flight began at the Sokolovka airbase, 100 miles east-northeast of Vladivostok, where the Soviets are believed to maintain squadrons of their best interceptor aircraft. According to his Japanese interrogators, Belenko had been planning his defection for two years. "There is no freedom in the Soviet Union," he told his interrogators. "Nothing has changed since the czars. It's a suffocating country. You can tell the truth only when drinking vodka with your friends." Furthermore, his marriage was breaking up; he was alienated from his wife and small child, and apparently felt that his defection would not bring down official wrath on his family.

Shortly after he took off last week on a Monday morning training mission, Belenko made his break. Somewhere near the Primorsky Krai coast, he suddenly put his MIG in a sharp dive, leveling out 150 ft. over the waves of the Sea of Japan, followed shortly afterward by Russian pilots in hot pursuit. After flying this low for a short distance to elude Soviet radar, he climbed back to 20,000 ft. for the dash to Japan; a jet gulps too much fuel at low altitudes.

As Belenko approached Japanese airspace near Sapporo, the site of the 1972 Winter Olympics, his pursuers suddenly turned back, probably recalled to their base by radio command. Japanese Air Self-Defense Forces, spotting the intruder on radar, warned him (in Russian) by radio that he would soon violate Japanese airspace. When Belenko neither responded nor changed course, the Japanese scrambled two Phantoms to intercept the plane. But find him they could not. Belenko managed for 24 minutes to elude the Phantoms, probably by the simple expedient of flying again at low altitudes, below the sweep of the Air Self-Defense Forces' radar.



SOVIET DEFECTOR BELENKO

Truth only in vodka.

Then, suddenly appearing over Hakodate, Belenko circled twice and touched down, two drag chutes popping from the MIG's tail for braking. Because of his tire blowout, Belenko was apparently unable to use the wheel brakes, and the MIG overran the runway, knocking down two short navigational antennas before coming to a stop.

Most defectors, having taken the emotion-wrenching step of leaving their homeland, are confused or, as one intelligence expert puts it, "kooky," when they arrive at their destinations. Not Belenko. After getting out of the plane and firing the warning shot, he willingly surrendered to Japanese police, who placed him in custody for having violated Japanese immigration procedures and for possession of illegal weapons. Those charges were only legal ruses to keep Lieut. Belenko safely in Japanese hands.

Soviet embassy officials in Tokyo immediately demanded to have an interview with Belenko, who the Soviets insisted had made an emergency landing in Japan and now was being kept prisoner against his will. The Soviets charged that Japan was acting at the instigation of "a third country" and warned that a refusal to meet their request could lead to repercussions. The Japanese coolly replied that the plane was being held as evidence in the legal proceeding against Belenko and might have to be dismantled, part by part, to determine the facts of the case. After at least five separate Soviet diplomatic protests, Belenko finally agreed to meet with a Russian embassy official. But the meeting, held shortly before his Tokyo departure, was short. Belenko, who obviously was less than impressed by the arguments of the Communist official, waved merrily to newsmen as

## Fleet Foxbat

SOVIET MIG 25



TIME Diagram by Paul F. Pappas

So the leading lady's lovely complexion stays lovely — even in the closeups.

So the red helmets on Channel 7's football game look as good as the red jerseys on Channel 9's game.

So the afternoon movie doesn't fade when the sun starts shining in between the drapes.

# Zenith introduces Color Sentry. The automatic picture control system.

Zenith's Color Sentry does it all for you: controls the color picture when the scene changes, or the channel changes, even when the room light changes.



You get that great Zenith picture — automatically.

Zenith Color Sentry automatic color control is featured on 19" and 22" diagonal models, including the Zenith Model CH2075P pictured here. Simulated wood grain and TV picture.

**ZENITH**

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The quality goes in before the name goes on.®

# The Space Shuttle.

## It will help solve some of earth's

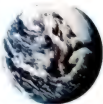
How can we solve down-to-earth problems from space? What about costs? When will we start seeing benefits from space?

Keep reading. You're in for some surprises.

Estimates say that the Space Program has already returned fourteen dollars in benefits to our economy for every dollar invested. What's more, knowledge gained from space has played a role in almost every new or improved product we use.

Now, because of the Space Shuttle — the world's first reusable spacecraft — further progress will be possible and even more economical. Through knowledge gained by use of the Shuttle, man will be in a better position to solve problems on earth and improve the condition of life.

Here are some of the benefits received from space so far.



### Environment

Nothing has so dramatically created public concern for the environment as those first pictures of earth from space. That view of our small, finite globe carried its own clear message: Cherish — or perish.

And now that our earth can be seen in its entirety, its ills can be treated. Large-scale environmental management is possible because of information supplied from space.

Air and water pollution — and their sources — can be detected.

First signs of forest fires can be spotted.

Space photos are being used to determine power plant sites, assess flood potential and damage, take inventory of forests and wildlife.

### Food

Landsat satellites are demonstrating that space systems can dramatically improve the world's agricultural forecasting and supply capability.

Crop identification is now performed



routinely by satellite — giving food planners accurate, advance information on harvests while satellite weather warnings help avoid massive destruction.

Space sensors can detect early stages of crop disease and insect infestation.

### Resources

Space-based instruments have already located water in places where it is vitally needed.

Photos from Skylab and Landsat are used by mining and oil companies in their exploration programs.

Efficient, long-duration solar power systems have been developed for remote weather and forest fire observation posts. These are forerunners of what will be large-scale solar power stations on earth and eventually in space.



### Still more

Hurricane warnings from weather satellites have saved an estimated 100,000 lives.

The benefits of communication satellites are already taken for granted: low-cost direct dialing to

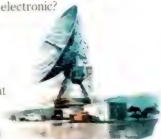


almost anywhere, video transmission of medical and educational information, live news and sports telecasts from around the world.

Heart pacemakers, paramedic telecare units and ultrasonic cardioscopes — all are outgrowths of space technology.

And how about integrated circuits — those tiny electronic wonders that gave us handheld calculators and caused a veritable revolution in reliability of all things electronic?

They'd still be decades away if their development hadn't been accelerated by the Space Program. Instead, they'll have added an estimated \$5 billion to our economy by 1982.





# toughest problems.

## **September 17, 1976: Space Shuttle rollout.**

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The Shuttle will be launched like a rocket, haul like a truck and land like an airplane.

Its payloads will be satellites with specific missions which will put space to work for man.

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*The thoughtful choice  
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# The low-tar cigarette with the recessed tip.



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tip.

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tip.

Most low-tar cigarettes  
are flush-tipped. So tar  
buildup is flat against your lips.

But Parliament has the recessed tip.  
That means tar buildup never touches your  
lips. All you get is that neat, clean taste.

So if you're trying to find a low-tar  
cigarette that tastes good, why not  
choose the one with the difference,  
Parliament with the recessed tip.

Box: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—  
Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine—100's: 17 mg. "tar,"  
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

## Parliament

Kings, Box and 100's

## THE NATION

he climbed into an auto after the confrontation.

**Search for Secrets.** Belenko's delight was shared by members of an elite group of U.S. Air Force technicians, known as the Foreign Technology Division. The division normally must draw its conclusions about the capability of foreign military aircraft by such means as electronic eavesdropping and reports and pictures from agents. Now they have the chance to kick the tires and feel the rivets of a plane about which they had only fragmentary information.

After news came of the lieutenant's defection, the division quickly mustered a squad and flew it to Japan to study the MIG-25 and appraise its possibilities. For example, the squad will determine what the MIG-25 pilot can or cannot see from the cockpit. (In their first examination of a MIG-21, captured by Israel during the 1973 war, Air Force experts discovered that the pilot had limited rear vision and could not see anything directly above, a vital tip for an opponent in a dogfight.)

The experts will also look at the location of the controls to determine if the pilot can handle high-G maneuvers without having his muscles pulled away in tight turns. They will look at the angle of the seat to see how many Gs the plane itself can sustain and measure the length of the radio antennas to get the range of frequencies the pilots operate on. Fire-control experts will look at the dials and mechanisms to determine what range the pilot must have to lock on to a target. The squad will be probing the electronic-countermeasure capability of the plane, checking whether it has a radar-absorption paint or plate to give it a distorted blip on radar scanners.

**Undramatic Exit.** The pilot is at least as valuable as the plane. Apparently bright and willing, Belenko will be able to tell U.S. experts much about the selection, training and flying skills of Soviet pilots. He will also be able to provide invaluable information about Soviet air defenses in eastern Siberia and the MIG-25's strengths and weaknesses.

Belenko's trip to the U.S. was less dramatic than his dash to Hakodate. The Japanese government, not wanting to give the appearance of total collusion with Washington by allowing Belenko to depart on a U.S. Air Force plane, simply put him on Northwest Orient's Flight 22, which flies regularly from Tokyo to Los Angeles with a stopover in Honolulu. Started by heavy security precautions at the Tokyo airport, the other 300 passengers soon guessed that Belenko was on board the 747 jet. "I hope we're not hijacked!" exclaimed one nervous passenger. Actually the flight was uneventful. Accompanied by a bevy of U.S. officials, Belenko remained sequestered in the upper-deck lounge until he arrived in the U.S. to begin a new life as one of the most important Soviet defectors yet to reach the West.



SKYJACKED BOEING 727 BEING REFUELED AT KEFLAVIK AIRPORT IN ICELAND

## SKYJACKINGS

### Bombs for Croatia

TWA flight 355 was 95 minutes out of New York City on its way to Chicago when a band of passengers declared to the crew that they had other, meticulously crafted plans for the Boeing 727 and its 92 passengers and crew members. The plane was being skyjacked to advertise independence for Croatia, one of Yugoslavia's six republics and long a region of simmering separatism. Thus began a bizarre and improbable skyjacking, the first to succeed in the U.S. in nearly four years. It was the latest blow struck by Croatian separatists, who have been waging a campaign of assassination, bombing and blackmail for several years.

The terrorists seized control of flight 355 by threatening that at least one of the group would detonate an explosive he had presumably carried on board under his clothes; such a bomb would not be detectable with present airport security systems. The leader was a beefy, bearded man. "He was the goon, but he was nice," recalled one passenger, James Perkins, a regional sales manager for Schenley. "He kept his hand in his pocket all the time, as if he had a gun." One of the skyjackers was a young woman who claimed she was an American and was married to another member of the group. The terrorists were polite once in command, distributing to all the passengers leaflets explaining their organization, "Fighters for Free Croatia," and their aims. But they ordered the plane to turn north toward Montreal, where it landed at Mirabel International Airport and was refueled.

While that was being done, the skyjackers gave instructions to the pilot, who relayed them to the air controller. A bomb had been placed in a coin locker in the subway station at Grand Central Station in Manhattan. Along with it was a rambling 1,600-word "appeal to the American People" and a 2,500-word declaration of independence for the 4.4 million Croats, who are a fifth of Yugoslavia's population. The terrorists demanded that these be published next day in five major newspapers (the

New York Times, the Washington Post, the Chicago Tribune, the Los Angeles Times, the International Herald Tribune). If this was done, said the conspirators, the hostages would be released. If it was not, another hidden bomb would be detonated in a "highly busy location" in the U.S.

In extracting the bomb and the messages from the locker, New York police took successful precautions. They were not so fortunate in attempting to defuse the bomb, which was sealed in a home pressure cooker. When a detonating device failed to explode the bomb, four policemen went to have a closer look, and the bomb suddenly went off. One officer, his chest blown away, died instantly. The others were severely wounded.

**Hopscotch Flight.** The plane had meanwhile taken off from Montreal on what was to be a hopscotch flight across the Atlantic, stopping in Gander, Newfoundland, and Iceland for fuel, escorted by a TWA Boeing 707, since the 727 lacked navigational equipment for transatlantic flight. At Gander, 35 of the hostages were released, for reasons as diverse as the one offered by a man who said his wife was about to have a baby, or that of a woman who said she would otherwise miss a bridal shower. At some of their stops, the skyjackers off loaded bundles of propaganda pamphlets with precise instructions that they were to be dropped from the air on various cities. Soon the pink sheets were fluttering down on Montreal, Chicago, New York, London and Paris.

The skyjackers' initial European destination was London, but the British government refused them permission to land. The French government was more accommodating, and the plane with its remaining hostages and crew of seven set down at Charles de Gaulle Airport near Paris. But once they had the plane on the ground, the French turned tough, declaring that under no circumstances would they allow it to leave. With that, the skyjackers, after talking directly with U.S. Ambassador to France Kenneth Rush, gave up, releasing the hostages unharmed. The five were flown back to the U.S. to face charges. It turned out that they had been bluffing; their "explosives" were fakes.



CHINESE CITIZENS GATHERING IN PEKING'S VAST T'IENT'AN MEN SQUARE & BOWING THEIR HEADS IN HOMAGE TO MAO TSE-TUNG

JERROLD SPECTER

## THE WORLD

### CHINA/COVER STORIES

# THE HELMSMAN PASSES

It was an end that had been long anticipated, but somehow it came as a shock nonetheless for China and the world. For months the half-paralyzed old man had been pictured on television with his mouth agape, his head lolling over the back of an armchair, as he greeted the carefully chosen foreign dignitaries who, on visits to Peking, had been allowed to pay him homage. The diplomats and chiefs of state testified to the alertness and wisdom of the venerable demigod, but the cameras could not disguise that enfeebled face. Two months ago, when earthquakes devastated three of China's northern cities, the country's titular leader was neither seen nor heard; a younger subordinate and possible heir, Premier Hua Kuo-feng, supervised the immense relief and rebuilding task.

The earthquake seemed, as if in accordance with ancient folk wisdom, to be an augury of other calamitous evils to come. It was, at 4 p.m. last Thursday, loudspeakers throughout China announced that Mao Tse-tung, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, had "passed away" at the age of 82 "despite all treatment" and "meticulous medical care." No cause was given for his death, although Western observers had long suspected that Mao was suffering from Parkinson's disease.

Within minutes of the announcement, China was in mourning. Although Mao had rarely been seen in public for nearly five years, the signs of grief and regret were genuine enough. He was, after all, the only leader that China had known since the Communist armies swept triumphantly into Peking to proclaim the People's Republic 27 years ago. He was not only the architect of China's socialist revolution but its guide, prophet and teacher—the man of legend whom millions accepted with blind faith as the font of their country's rebirth to greatness.

The tributary messages of condolence that poured into Peking were testimony to Mao's already secure place in history. "Chairman Mao was a giant figure in modern Chinese history,"

said President Ford, adding, "His influence... will extend far beyond the borders of China." Proclaimed Japanese Prime Minister Takeo Miki: "He left his great footprints on history." By contrast, Taiwan could scarcely conceal its satisfaction over the demise of the Communist archenemy. One newspaper cartoon gleefully depicted Mao as a fly-covered corpse, another on his way to hell. As for the Russians, they almost ignored Mao's passing, giving it a brief mention on page 2 of *Pravda*.

**T**he fact remained, however, that only Lenin was Mao's rival for the title of the century's most successful revolutionary. Guerrilla fighter and grand strategist, peasant organizer and oracular Marxist philosopher, Mao came to manhood in the 1920s when the once glorious Middle Kingdom was divided, weak, dispirited, a country prey to foreign colonizers and provincial satraps. When he died, China had been unified—admittedly, by brutal force and rigid discipline—and was an emergent superpower. Mao's China was still poor by the economic standards of the West, but as virtually every foreign visitor in recent years had noticed with awe, the country had regained its once lost pride and was filled with a sense of purpose. It was Mao far more than anyone else who gave it that purpose.

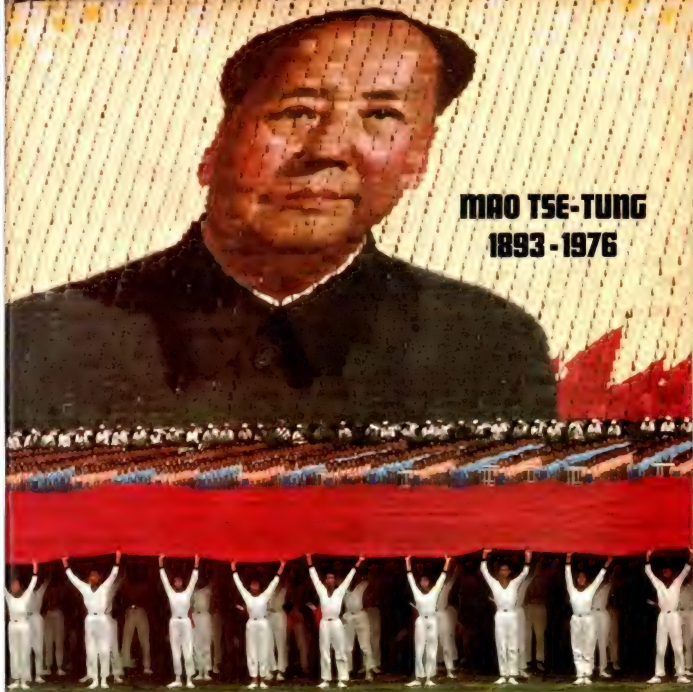
With his death, China entered a new and uncertain era in its history. The Chairman departed the world with his succession uncertain, his party riven by rival claimants to authority, his country torn by fiercely contested and unresolved ideological issues. Mao had outlived most of his revolutionary contemporaries from the celebrated Long March of the 1930s, which was a watershed episode in the party's history. The most notable was Prime Minister Chou En-lai, for years his smooth, subtle, indispensable chief of staff, who died last January at 77, leaving unresolved the tension between pragmatic moderates in the bureaucracy and zealous radicals who favored permanent revolution. Mao's death set the

Display of Mao flash cards at China's National Games (1975).

STEVE SIMON—KATHARINE YOUNG

毛主席的无产阶级革命路线胜利万岁！

**MAO TSE-TUNG**  
**1893-1976**



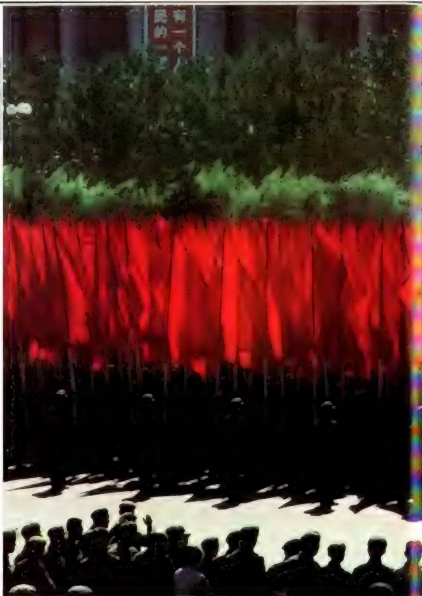




Mao as young activist in 1920.



As guerrilla leader in early 1930s.



The Chairman with his discredited heir apparent Lin Biao (left); studying aboard his plane (below). Above, marchers in Peking carrying statue of Mao.

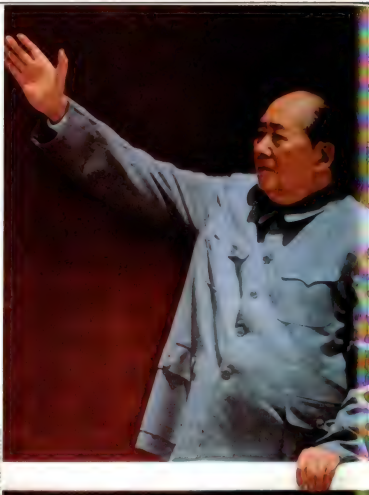




*Reviewing a parade in honor of the revolution.*

*Portrait of the aging Chairman in Peking in 1974.*





Mao as ceremonial figure; clockwise from left: greeting Susan Ford (November 1975) as the President and his wife look on; shaking hands with Richard Nixon last February; waving at Peking parade. Below, red flags and Mao posters displayed in T'ien An Men Square.



stage for what may turn out to be a prolonged and destructive struggle for power between moderates and leftists.

First, though, will come the mandatory obeisances to a national hero. Mao will lie in state in Peking's Great Hall of the People for most of the official eight-day period of mourning, ending on Sept. 18 with a solemn memorial rally held in Peking's T'ien An Men Square. Until then, all flags in the country will be flown at half-mast. At 3 p.m. on the final day of mourning, said the official decree, "people in all organizations, army units, factories, mines, enterprises, shops, people's communes, schools and neighborhood communities... should stand at attention wherever they are in silent tribute for three minutes." During that period, ships, trains and factories throughout China will blow their whistles and sound their sirens.

There will probably be no announcement of any change in leadership or direction for China until after the mourning ceremonies are properly concluded. But changes there will be, and China watchers last week were scrutinizing the official obituary for possible clues. It appeared to be a carefully balanced document, tipped slightly toward the moderates. The obituary emphasized the "unity and unification of the party"—code words for the need to bury factional differences. But there were bows to the radicals in the obituary's exhortation that China must "persist in taking class struggle as the key link." Official broadcasts announcing Mao's death also contained one touch pleasing to radicals: ousted Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, the pragmatic chosen successor of Chou En-lai, was explicitly condemned.

The first key question facing China and its leaders is: Who will succeed Mao? Attention focused on five people. The leading contender is Premier Hua Kuo-feng, who, as first vice chairman of the party, is technically Mao's successor. Hua seemed to have the support of much of the country's government bureaucracy, including such key officials as Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua and Defense Minister Yeh Chien-ying.

Another key figure is Shanghai native Chang Ch'un-chiao, who is both Vice Premier and head of the political department of the People's Liberation Army. One possibility is that Chang will become Premier, while Hua moves up to Party Chairman.

Other candidates include Minister of Defense Yeh Chien-ying and Politburo Vice Chairman Wang Hung-wen. But Yeh, at 78, may be judged too old and feeble to replace Mao—except possibly in a purely ceremonial sense—while Wang, at about 40, is probably too young and too radical.

Few Western experts believe that China can avoid a power struggle, sooner or later, between the radicals and the pragmatists, who have been mortal enemies since the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-69. The moderates were often victims of the Cultural Revolution who, in recent years, have been returned to top jobs in the bureaucracy. The old bitterness lingers. Besides, there are genuine ideological differences between the two groups: the radicals favor repeated nationwide propaganda campaigns to ensure ideological purity; the moderates want a reduction of energy-wasting political convulsions and more attention paid to increasing production for its own sake.

**C**hou En-lai, for all his diplomatic skill, could not bridge that gap of enmity. Mao, ever fearful that the pragmatic bureaucrats might undermine his revolutionary dreams, would not let the tension be resolved. One result is that China today is institutionally weak, with a host of top positions left unfilled and the party itself still not completely recovered from the traumas of the Cultural Revolution. In the all-important Politburo, for example, only 16 of 22 positions are now filled. Moreover, the purges of top leaders like Liu Shao-ch'i and Teng Hsiao-p'ing, carried out with barely a passing nod to legal procedures, have left China with no effectively functioning constitutional forms that could help with an orderly succession.

Hua Kuo-feng presumably became Premier with Mao's blessing, but there is no evidence that the Chairman anointed him as his own successor. Thus the chances are that it may take weeks if not months before the divided leadership can agree on a new head of the party.

The consequences of this could be serious for China. For one, it would be difficult for the country as a whole to for-

mulate new policies in such areas as industry, education and agriculture. More serious factional strife at the top could well pave the way to widespread disorders similar to those of the Cultural Revolution, when fighting groups in schools and factories had to be separated and pacified by the army.

Most analysts acknowledge that as a real possibility, but doubt that a similarly destructive period will come to pass again. One reason is that the radicals—despite their control of the press and the Politburo in the capital—seem to be weak in the provinces. Thus if the radicals press their aims too hard, power brokers in the local areas may simply resist or ignore them. In addition, though nobody knows for certain whose side the army is on, key military commanders in the past have tended to side with moderation.

**B**eyond that, as TIME's diplomatic editor Jerrold I. Schecter reported from Peking last week, the factions seem to have agreed, for now at least, to avoid open conflict. "The dominant conclusion among foreigners in China," Schecter cabled, "is that a *modus vivendi* has been struck between radicals who sought the ouster of Teng Hsiao-p'ing and the more moderate forces of order and discipline. There are 'no struggle groups,' and the admonitions in the *People's Daily* editorial of Sept. 7 are against the formation of such groups. The editorial mentions the word production or the need to increase production 25 times, an indication of Hua's skill at following a tough general ideological line while maintaining a moderate, pragmatic approach to economic problems."

Barring an immediate power struggle in which one side emerges a clear winner, most experts believe that China has almost no choice other than to follow the major policies of the past several years. One reason is that with Mao gone from the scene, no leader is likely to emerge soon with enough authority to enforce major changes in direction.

In domestic matters, that will mean continued emphasis on increasing production, in both agriculture and industry, and probably on technical expertise in education. One long-term danger of this, from the Maoist point of view, is a possible loss of some of the spirit of the Chairman, Mao's stress on egalitarianism, on shaking up the bureaucracy, will no doubt endure in the minds of millions of people, like the former youthful Red Guards who served as the Chairman's strike force during the Cultural Revolution. But without his immense authority, it may become more and more difficult to prevent the emergence of precisely the kind of technocratic elite he abhorred.

The experts also discount the probability of any dramatic turns in China's foreign policy. American diplomatic officials expect no basic change in Peking's attitude toward the U.S., even though Mao's death, and the uncertainty that it will bring, may make China even more cautious about "normalizing" relations with Washington. Last week, in fact, Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua warned visiting former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger about what the Chinese consider an American softening of resolve toward the Soviet Union.

As for Peking's relations with Moscow, some experts believe that the extreme bitterness of the Sino-Soviet split could gradually erode now that China's most influential and dogmatic anti-Soviet has passed from the scene. This could bring China some very practical benefits—economic and otherwise. For one, it makes no sense for Peking to keep a huge, expensive army in an almost constant state of alert along thousands of miles of border and risk a major conflict with the vastly superior Soviet forces. In addition, as long as China is fully deployed against a possible Soviet attack, Peking will be virtually unable to "liberate" Taiwan by force—or to threaten convincingly to do so.

Finally, unremitting hostility toward Moscow robs Peking of diplomatic flexibility in the tricorned world-power balance. The Chinese may feel that they are too much taken for granted by the West. They have recently been shaken by what they see as U.S. vacillation in foreign affairs. If Peking decided that the U.S. might not maintain the balance of power in Asia by a firm commitment to ward off the expansion of Soviet influence, it might well try to patch things up with the Russians.

For Moscow, a rapprochement with Peking might ease the cost and strain of maintaining their huge armies in the Far East



## THE WORLD

as well as free Moscow to get tougher in Europe. If that happened, the U.S. policy of détente—which assumes hostility between Moscow and Peking—would need further rethinking. Thus even limited Sino-Soviet rapprochement would profoundly affect the global alignment of forces.

Still, as one expert puts it, "a major nation does not change its basic foreign policy in a week or a month or a year." The Chinese fears of the age-old Russian tendency to expand its influence into Asia will probably keep Peking at some distance from Moscow for a long time to come.

Despite expectations that there will be a continuity in policy, Mao's death will make a big practical difference to China. There could well be a loss of some of the sense of self-sacrificing unanimity that China enjoyed while the Chairman was alive. Indeed, in the final months of his life there were already unmistakable signs of disorder and even open rebelliousness that Mao as an active leader would never have tolerated. The

EDDIE ADAMS



HONOR GUARD IN PEKING FOR PRESIDENT FORD'S ARRIVAL  
A warning against appeasement of Moscow.

most serious came in April, when 100,000 Chinese rioted in Peking's vast Tien An Men Square over what they regarded as a posthumous insult to Premier Chou En-lai (TIME, April 19). Since then, travelers to China have noted numerous instances of undisciplined behavior hitherto almost unseen in China: fighting between gangs of youths, widespread shoplifting, even a couple of bank robberies. In the wake of the earthquakes that ravaged Tang-shan, there was apparently a good deal of looting, or, as the Peking press put it, "counterrevolutionary sabotage activities."

**M**ost observers in China are wary about predicting a genuine breakdown of authority. Nonetheless, they agree that these scattered instances of disorder may well presage what one analyst calls "an erosion of Maoist morality"—meaning increased factionalism in Peking, greater freedom of action for provincial authorities and some movement away from the very disciplined society that Mao tried to impose on China after the Cultural Revolution. One beneficial effect of this could be some loosening of the tight control that the party exerted over everyday life under Mao. With a less

monolithic leadership, a relaxation in art and culture could follow; there might even be a lessening of political discipline in China, which would allow for a measure of privacy and even individual preference that Mao, with his total commitment to the creation of a new man in a new society, would never have allowed.

Will the rest of the Maoist legacy endure—the egalitarian stress, the constant campaigns for purity of thought, the animus against a new mandarin class of power and privilege? It is difficult to imagine those values, which Mao tried so hard to implant, surviving undiminished. After all, Mao was struggling against a centuries-old tradition and culture that was non-egalitarian, hierarchical, elitist and class-ridden. Moreover, as China becomes a more advanced and technological society, there will be ever more temptation for technicians, managers and political leaders to enjoy the privileges of position—in short, to become what Mao would call revisionists.

The Chairman recognized this danger; he once admitted that it could take from ten to 20 generations to wipe out bourgeois, revisionist ideas forever. That may have been a hopelessly optimistic prediction. Mao tried to ensure that the next generation would carry forward his banner and pass it on to still another generation. For the immediate future, China's new leaders will certainly mouth his slogans. But without the presence of the Great Helmsman to back them up, they may have grave difficulties making his lifelong dream a reality.

## THE FOUR HORSEMEN— AND A DARK HORSE

*In the collective leadership of post-Mao China that most Sino-logists foresee, the four surviving members of the party's Standing Committee are expected to play key roles. Profiles of these "four horsemen" (as some have already dubbed them) and of a female dark horse whose potential influence cannot be discounted:*

**HUA KUO-FENG**, as first vice chairman of the Communist Party and as Premier of China, is technically at the top of both the party and the government. Yet information about the stout, soft-spoken Hua is skimpy: Peking watchers in the West do not even know his exact age (he is probably in his 50s) or whether he is married. He was catapulted into prominence eight months ago, when the party leadership named him—instead of the now discredited favorite Teng Hsiao-p'ing—acting Premier to succeed the late Chou En-lai. In April the "acting" was dropped from Hua's title and he was also given his lofty party post.

Most analysts feel that Hua's independence from factional ties made him the compromise choice of China's powerful rival groups. He has spent most of his political career far from the capital, as a party functionary in Mao's native Hunan. There Hua earned a reputation as an agricultural expert. That may have brought him to the personal attention of the Chairman and spurred his transfer to Peking in 1971 to run the secretariat of the State Council. Two years later he joined the Politburo; he was promoted again in 1975, becoming the sixth ranking of twelve Vice Premiers and Minister of Public Security, which gave him control of all regular police forces, the People's Militia and the People's Police.

Hua's leadership skills were demonstrated by his competent handling of the massive relief operation after China's recent devastating earthquakes; if he has a major weakness, it is lack of experience in foreign affairs. It is uncertain where Hua stands ideologically. While he is surely not a radical, his speeches in the past year deploring material incentives to workers as "un-egalitarian" were not the words of an ideological moderate.

**WANG HUNG-WEN**, fortyish, is by far the youngest member of the Politburo. He has also risen in the party hierarchy faster and farther than anyone but Mao himself. Only ten years ago, Wang was a lowly party secretary in Shanghai's No. 17 Cotton Mill, but at the Tenth Communist Party Congress in 1973, he



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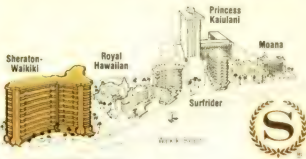
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HUA KUO-FENG



CHANG CH'UN-CH'IAO



CHIANG CH'ING

was made both a member of the Politburo and one of its five vice chairmen. Intelligent, personable and ambitious, Wang was an organizer of the radical Red Guards in Shanghai during the Cultural Revolution. It is thought that he comes from a peasant background and lacks a college education, thus giving him appealing credentials as an authentic proletarian.

Wang today technically ranks very high in the party structure, but it is uncertain how much real power he wields. Little has been seen of him publicly since mid-1975. Western experts reckon, however, that whatever influence he has will probably be used on behalf of the radicals; in his speech to the 1973 Party Congress, he warned that "[c]ultural revolutions will have to be carried out many times in the future."

**CHANG CH'UN-CH'IAO**, who is about 65, also owes his prominence to the role he played in the Cultural Revolution. Another member of the radical "Shanghai group," Chang until the mid-'60s was known only locally, as a leader of the city's radical artists and writers. Then through the two Shanghai newspapers he controlled, he helped Mao's wife Chiang Ch'ing launch what became a nationwide attack on the traditional Peking opera; he also denounced anti-Maoist bureaucrats entrenched in the party's Peking headquarters. A protégé of Chiang Ch'ing's, Chang served as her deputy on the Central Committee's Cultural Revolution Group. By 1967 he was, in effect, mayor of Shanghai as chairman of that city's Revolutionary Committee—a post he still holds. With his other current positions—Politburo member, Vice Premier and director of the general political department of the army—the jolly, affable Chang is probably the most powerful of the Shanghai radicals. Yet there are signs that his frustrations in trying to run Shanghai in the aftermath of the Cultural Revolution, when the city had been denuded of qualified cadres, have led him to temper his radicalism with pragmatism.

**YEH CH'EN-YING**, 78, is now the most powerful of the moderates. He is a vice chairman of the party, has a seat on the Politburo and is both Minister of Defense and vice chairman of the party's Military Committee. His credentials as a loyal cadre are flawless: he joined the party in 1927, accompanied Mao on the legendary Long March and was a top military commander in the resistance against the Japanese occupation. Following the Communist victory in China, Yeh served in a number of military and civilian posts. During the Cultural Revolution, Moderate Yeh's advice to his troops "not to carry out Red Guard activities" led briefly to his denunciation in radical posters; he ap-



WANG HUNG-WEN



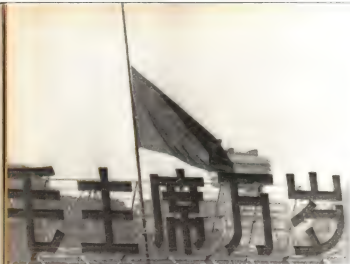
YEH CH'EN-YING

Key roles in the collective leadership of post-Mao China.

parently survived these attacks with ease. He was recruited into the party's highest echelons in 1971 when Chou En-lai asked him to purge the army of followers of Marshal Lin Biao, who had died in a still mysterious plane crash after allegedly trying to assassinate Mao. Within a few years, the jowly and always rumpled Yeh was promoted to the posts he now holds. Known as an advocate of U.S.-Chinese rapprochement, he was one of Peking's representatives at talks with Kissinger in the early '70s.

**CHIANG CH'ING**, 61, the onetime Shanghai movie starlet who became Mao's third wife in the early 1940s, rocketed to power during the Cultural Revolution, when she was her husband's most trusted lieutenant. Her abrasive denunciation and merciless persecution of moderates set the tone for the radical Red Guards and made her one of the regime's most feared and hated leaders. Even after the Cultural Revolution had ended, she was still viewed as a possible successor to her husband.

In recent years Chiang's influence has been somewhat eclipsed. At the 1975 session of the National People's Congress, for example, she was denied the post of Minister of Culture, which she dearly wanted as a means of repressing all but radical literature, art and music. She remains a member of the powerful Politburo, however, and will probably try to influence political developments in Peking by posing as the true guardian of her husband's revolutionary legacy.



FLAG AT HALF-MAST ABOVE SLOGAN "LONG LIVE CHAIRMAN MAO"

## VIEW FROM PEKING: A CITY IN SHOCK

TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold L. Schecter, who flew to Peking last week with former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, was one of only six American journalists in China's capital when Mao Tse-tung died. Excerpts from Schecter's eyewitness account:

Schlesinger had just completed a review of Chinese troops demonstrating their firepower skills. It was 4:30 p.m. Thursday, Peking time, and the *Internationale* began to play in the background over loudspeakers. Before he stepped into his car, Schlesinger leaned over to me and said: "Tell your colleagues that Chairman Mao died this morning." The Chinese had waited until the firing exercise of machine guns, small arms and mortars was over before breaking the news to Schlesinger.

We drove back to Peking in silence, which was interrupted only by the car radio blaring funeral music, the *Internationale* and an announcement that "Chairman Mao Tse-tung has departed from the world." The capital was shocked by the news. Long lines of people formed in front of stores to buy black cloth for armbands. By the time we returned to Peking from the bountiful rice and sorghum fields northeast of the city, flags were at half-mast, hanging from gray tiled roofs along winding alleys and on the tops of public buildings. Hundreds of people, weeping and dazed, gathered quickly in front of the Tien An Men Gate, which leads to the Forbidden City.

Chairman Mao's portrait in the center of the five-ported Gate of Heavenly Peace was draped with black-and-gold memorial bunting Thursday night as Peking citizens and foreign visitors spontaneously came to pay homage. Streams of bicycles moved slowly along the broad, freshly washed Chang An Jie (Long Peace Street). Soldiers, students and workers, old and young, gnarled men and pigtailed, fresh-skinned girls stood beneath the towering image of Mao in respectful silence.

The response to the news of Mao's passing seems to have been calm and orderly after the initial displays of sobbing and crying. Black armbands have suddenly sprouted across Peking; women also wear white paper carnations, another Chinese symbol of mourning. In the Peking Hotel, a counter has been set up to provide armbands for guests. The nominal fee: 15 fen, or about seven U.S. cents.

Preparations for Mao's funeral and a week of mourning began in earnest Friday. Across Peking, storefronts were decorated with black paper or cloth and white papier-mâché flowers. In Tien An Men Square, hundreds continued to stream forward on their bicycles—a wave of blue-gray that halted in front of the draped portrait of the Chairman.

Lines of students, soldiers and workers, eight to ten abreast, formed before the Chairman's visage looking down on his people. They bowed and stood in silent meditation; then sobs and low moans and wails began to rise from the groups, tears streaming down their faces. Nobody spoke. Two young girls with clenched fists stood before the Chairman in silent devotion, then they bowed and turned away; their eyes were red from crying. Mao's portrait was framed by a slogan on either side: LONG LIVE THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA and LONG LIVE THE GREAT UNITY OF THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD. The weather was sunny and hot—a soft September day that seemed to belie the recent earthquakes and the passing of the Chairman.

Peking is a model of efficiency and organization. The entire population now appears to have black armbands, from toddlers to old crones. The red flag of the People's Republic of China with its five yellow stars has appeared en masse across the city at half-mast. Every house in every neighborhood has a flag in front of the door. The flags are a sign of hope and perseverance as they hang over the combination of rubble and new building bricks that line nearly every side street in Peking, especially the older West City section where earthquake damage was extensive and gray dust still hangs in the air.

Peking is a wounded city, its sinews and soul exposed in the crisp dry sunlight. More than 30,000 Peking homes and buildings were damaged in the August earthquake (8.2 on the Richter scale) that leveled Tangshan and destroyed half of Tientsin. Thousands of temporary huts of matted rice straw, wood and plastic line the tree-shaded roadside leading from the airport. All of Peking's public parks have been closed and turned into campgrounds for the homeless. Construction goes on night and day. Red bricks and gray cinder block piles are lined up on side streets along with sand and cement. Mud and rice straw are still used for some walls. Soldiers, middle-school students and administrative workers have all been mobilized for the rebuilding brigades, which have a target date of National Day, Oct. 1, for completing the restoration of Peking.

The Peking Department Store has been closed because of earthquake damage, and temporary canvas-covered open-air stalls have been set up on Wang Fu Jing, Peking's main shopping street. Nearly every storefront is covered with scaffolding, business in books, clothing, medical supplies and handicrafts is carried on amidst the honking of horns of stalled traffic. There are lines in the food shops in the evening as bright lights are turned on for a new construction shift. Everywhere work continues and life adjusts. A barber establishes his stall on a street corner; a fruit and vegetable stand emerges on the edge of some temporary huts, many of which have been left behind in case of further shocks.

With life suddenly shifted into the open, though, the threat of crime and disorder has grown, and incidents have been reported of "sabotage activities by class enemies." Law-and-order has become a problem that authorities are trying to cope with.

### WORKERS REPAIRING EARTHQUAKE DAMAGE IN PEKING





In Tientsin, 90 miles south of Peking, a traveler reported seeing a looter being led through the streets with his hands tied behind his back, prodded by four bayonet-wielding soldiers.

The erosion of authority is more subtle in other areas. Travelers to Sian, in northwest China, report that periodically a man climbs the city's ancient bell tower to announce a "meeting of struggle and criticism" against ousted Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping. Then he proceeds to criticize the latest movie and tells why he doesn't like it. He has turned struggle-and-criticism meetings into a kind of town-hall forum, and the authorities, according to a recent visitor there, have allowed the practice to continue.

The shifts are subtle and have to do largely with the decreased presence of the Chairman. When I first came to China in 1972 with Nixon, the cult of personality around Mao was still at a high point. China was emerging from the aftershock of the

Cultural Revolution. Mao's presence was everywhere. Posters displayed historic scenes from the life of the Chairman. There was an abundance of Mao buttons, Little Red Books of the Chairman in 16 languages, cigarette lighters, poems by him, and embroidered portraits.

Now there is a different sense of Mao and his process of continuing revolution. The overstimulation of the Cultural Revolution has passed. What remains is the task of rebuilding and moving ahead. "If Mao has left anything, it is the sense the Chinese people have of participating in their own destiny," said Dr. George Hatem, the American-born doctor who joined Mao on the Long March and remained in China. Hatem is now in Shanghai helping to heal victims of the earthquake.

The Chairman's picture is again going up in millions of homes across China as mourning begins, but it may be for the last time. No longer is Mao a living symbol of power.

# THE LONG MARCH OF CHAIRMAN MAO

*I ask, on this boundless land  
Who rules over man's destiny?*

Mao Tse-tung was an upstart revolutionary when he wrote those lines more than half a century ago. Yet even then Mao had boundless, visionary ideas about his exalted role in the march of history. Despite stray moments of anguish and self-pity, despite a record strewn with defeats as well as triumphs, he never seemed to have doubted that he would play an epochal role in shaping the destiny of China. As a Communist, he believed the inexorable progress of the faceless masses would control history. Yet it was individual determination and indomitable will that made Mao Tse-tung, the son of an obscure peasant from the vast hinterland of China, the most influential revolutionary of his generation and, for better or worse, one of the great figures of the 20th century.

**M**ao was a man of vast complexity and contradiction. He had a driving energy and a shrewd sense of how to manipulate both friend and foe. Mao said that he sometimes had the nature of a tiger—assertive, powerful, dominating—and sometimes that of a monkey—playful, mercurial, cerebral. After his armies swept victoriously into Peking in 1949 and inaugurated the Communist era, Mao wavered between spasms of intense, hardheaded activism and passive, removed periods of thought and reflection. During the 1960s, at the height of China's "cult of personality," he seemed to have been elevated to the heights of the gods, and when he died he was indeed more a creature of legend than a real person to the 850 million who paid him homage as their leader. Yet he described himself to the late journalist Edgar Snow as "only a lone monk walking the world with a leaky umbrella."

Whether accurate or not as a description, the phrase was typical of Mao in its aphoristic vivacity. He had an earthy wit that in a Westerner would be called Rabelaisian. Early in his revolutionary career, he castigated China for its subservience to the West with the sarcastic quip: "If one of our foreign friends farts, it's a lovely perfume." Mao used vulgarity with a purpose—to shock his often complacent, tradition-bound countrymen. But like the Chinese emperors of antiquity he frequently quoted, he also tried to set a proper example for the rest of society. When rumors circulated in 1956 that he was in poor health, Mao, it is alleged, proved the stories wrong by swimming across the mile-wide Yangtze River near Wuhan, repeating the famed swim in 1966. Mao insisted that his countrymen learn from it a political lesson. "Swimming against the river current," he said, "is a good way to strengthen will and courage."

Though Mao subjected himself to such rigors as ice-water baths and long hikes, he also had a soft, almost dreamy side. His aesthetic qualities are revealed in poems that are replete with such delicate visions as "wind like gentle ripples" and wild geese crying "under the frosty morning moon." He was hardly im-



THE TRIUMPHANT CHAIRMAN MAO WATCHES A PARADE (1963)

*"A lone monk walking the world with a leaky umbrella."*

mune to the charms of women, once admitting in 1928 that "voluptuous feelings" were aroused in him when he saw a pretty girl.

His relations with most people, however, showed a ruthless, selfish quality. He had many comrades but few close friends. Chiang Ch'ing, his wife for 37 years, once admitted to a group of high-ranking cadres: "The Chairman as a person, I think, you comrades know more than I do. We live together, but he is a man with few words." Mao could be callously indifferent to others when his life—or the goals of the party—was at stake. At one point, pursued by enemy Kuomintang (Nationalist) forces, he fled his home, leaving his wife and younger sister behind. The two women were captured and executed.

"There is no such thing as Marxism," Mao once said, "but only concrete Marxism, adapted to the concrete realities of China." By Moscow's standards, Maoism was the worst kind of Communist heresy. The Chairman at once rejected and adapted Lenin; the key to revolution, he argued, was not in mobilizing urban workers but in organizing China's rural masses. China's



## THE WORLD

"several hundred million peasants," he predicted in a 1927 essay, would "rise like a tornado or tempest—a force so extraordinarily swift and violent that no power, however great, will be able to suppress it." The Chairman's vision of both Marxism and China's realities was spelled out in his "thoughts," elliptical commentaries on Marxist-Leninist ideology, along with prescriptions for social and political ills, that defined his road to true socialism.

After taking power, Mao always retained this almost mystical faith in China's common people. "I am alone with the masses," he told French Minister of Culture André Malraux in 1965, an implicit admission that for him, politics took clear priority over everything else, including friends. Time and again, he coldly thrust aside old comrades-in-arms—including Defense Minister Lin Biao, his designated heir apparent, and Chief of State Liu Shao-ch'i—either because they had somehow betrayed his ideology or had too openly craved a share in his unique power. He was ever wary of the danger that the country's leadership would form a new elite of privilege and power that would destroy his egalitarian vision. His ambition, as radical in its way as that of the Apostle Paul, was to forge "a new man," one free of

selfish ideas who would work tirelessly to "serve the people." In pursuit of that goal, he repeatedly plunged China into periods of turmoil, designed to cleanse the ranks of the party and the bureaucracy of elitist ideas and imperious habits.

History may well remember the Chairman for his traumatic "purification" campaigns, events that in the last decade of his life became ever more marred by violence and irrationality—especially the cataclysmic Cultural Revolution of 1966-69. But in other areas the country's accomplishments under him were staggering. Industrial production increased from \$11.2 billion in 1950 to \$185 billion last year; the problem of adequately feeding the country's enormous population was solved. After a relentless process of leveling, China no longer has the egregious gaps between the very rich and the very poor that still bedevil much of the Third World.

These gains have cost the Chinese dearly. There is no freedom. Mao's persistent demands for ideological purity encouraged the growth of a pervasive apparatus of thought control. Literature and art, dominated by the fanatical Chiang Ch'ing, have become banal and monothematic—a far cry from the glo-

# INSTANT WISDOM: BEYOND THE LITTLE RED BOOK

*The pellets of instant wisdom scattered through Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung are by far the most celebrated of Mao's writings. Distributed in more than a billion copies, the so-called Little Red Book remains the fundamental vade mecum of every citizen of the Chinese people's Republic. It is also an inspiration to an assortment of would-be revolutionaries, guerrillas and new leftists around the world. Among the most famous quotations: "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun," and "Just because we have won victory, we must never relax our vigilance against the frenzied plots for revenge by the imperialists and their running dogs."*

*As the Little Red Book amply demonstrates, Mao was the most readable of Marxist theoreticians. But in other speeches, poems and letters, Mao displayed even more strikingly than in the book a command of pungent metaphor, as well as occasional flights of lyricism. A sampler:*

**ON REVOLUTION.** A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay, or painting a picture, or doing embroidery; it cannot be so refined, so leisurely and gentle, so temperate, kind, courteous, restrained and magnanimous. A revolution is an insurrection by which one class overthrows another (1927)

**ON EXECUTING ENEMIES.** A head isn't like a leak. It doesn't grow again once it's been cut. If you cut it off wrongly, then even if you want to correct your error, there's no way of doing it. (1956)

**ON CHINA'S FUTURE.** When I say that there will soon be a high tide of revolution in China, I am emphatically not speaking of something illusory, unattainable. It is like a ship far out at sea whose masthead can already be seen

from the shore; it is like the morning sun in the east whose shimmering rays are visible from a high mountaintop; it is like a child about to be born moving restlessly in its mother's womb. (1930)

**ON CHINA'S FRIENDS.** There are so-called friends, self-styled friends of the Chinese people... with "honey on their lips and murder in their hearts." They are the imperialists... Stalin is the true friend of the cause of liberation of the Chinese people. No attempt to sow dissension, no lies and calumnies, can affect the Chinese people's wholehearted love and respect for Stalin and our genuine respect for the Soviet Union. (1939)

**ON CHINA'S ENEMIES.** The revisionist leading clique of the Soviet Union and all the other leading cliques of renegades and scabs of various shades are mere dust heaps while you [the Albanian Communist Party] are a lofty mountain, tower to the skies. They are slaves and accomplices of imperialism... The U.S. imperialists and all other such harmful insects have already created their own gravediggers; the day of their burial cannot be far off. (1966)

**ON EDUCATION.** It is reported that penicillin was invented by a laundryman in a dyer's shop. Benjamin Franklin discovered electricity, though he began as a newspaper boy. What learning did Jesus have? It is always those with less learning who overthrow those with more learning (1958)

**ON IGNORANCE.** It is to the advantage of despots to keep people ignorant. It is to our advantage to make them intelligent. We must lead all of them gradually from ignorance (1966)

**ON NUCLEAR WAR.** It is said that if

worse came to worst and half of mankind died, the other half would remain, while imperialism would be razed to the ground, and the whole world would become socialist; in a number of years there would be 2.7 billion people again. (1957)

**ON THE POST-MAO LEADERSHIP.** Successors must be Marxist-Leninists, they must serve the interest of the majority of the people, they must unite the majority, they must display the democratic style, and they must conduct self-criticism. What I have in mind is not complete... You must not always think that you alone will do and that everything done by others is no good, as without you the world would not turn and there would be no party... There is no need to fear for the death of anyone. Whose death would be a great loss? Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, are they not all dead? The revolution must still go on... We must be prepared at all times to leave our posts and we must always be ready with successors (1964)

**ON DEATH.** Living is transformed into dying, lifeless matter is transformed into living beings. I propose that when people over the age of 50 die, a party should be held to celebrate, for it is inevitable that men should die—this is a natural law (1958)

**ON THE LEGACY OF MAO AND CHOU EN-LAI.** Loyal parents who sacrificed so much for the nation. Never feared the ultimate fate. Now that our country has become red. Who will be its guardian? Our mission, unfinished. May take a thousand years. The struggle tires us, and our hair is gray. You and I, old friends, can we just watch our efforts be washed away? (Last poem, 1975)

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MAO (RIGHT) AT MOTHER'S FUNERAL WITH YOUNGER BROTHER, FATHER & UNCLE

"With strength one can conquer others, and to conquer others gives one virtue."

ADDRESSING RALLY IN LATE '30s

rious creativity of previous centuries. The party reaches into every aspect of personal life, from child rearing to sex habits to clothing styles to marriage, generally by imposing a stern, puritanical morality.

Despite Mao's own battle cry, "To rebel is justified," the Chairman—like China's emperors of old—implicitly demanded strict obedience and a kind of filial piety from his people. Thus, though unity and strength are a part of the legacy he left to China, he also, willingly or not, left behind a country where regimentation is a fact of everyday life.

Although he carefully nurtured a paternalistic image, the Chairman never got along with his own father; the elder Mao was a peasant from Hunan province in Central China who displayed enough initiative to become a small landlord and grain merchant. He felt that five years in primary school was quite enough for his son. Young Mao wanted more. Some time after 1906, he ran away from home to resume his schooling in Changsha, Hunan's capital. Many of his fellow students were wealthy, and his tattered clothes provoked snide remarks. As a friend of those days has recalled, Mao was "tall, clumsy and dirtily dressed," but there was no mistaking the drift of his ideas. "The most important thing is to be strong," Mao once told a classmate. "With strength, one can conquer others; and to conquer others gives one virtue."

Mao lived in Changsha until 1918, studying at a normal school to become a teacher and throwing himself into the intellectual and political ferment that followed the collapse of the Ch'ing dynasty in 1911. He read voluminously, including the works of Darwin, Adam Smith and Rousseau. He also polished his essay writing and began to turn out the deft, evocative poetry that is must reading in China today.

Earnest, idealistic, energetic, the young Mao first entered the wide world outside his native province when, in 1918, he went to Peking—walking a good part of the way. He married Yang K'ai-hui, the beautiful daughter of one of his teachers. He also became a Communist and, in 1921, when the First Congress of the Chinese Communist Party was convened, Mao was one of the twelve delegates in attendance.

In 1927 the Communist movement underwent a decisive series of reversals. The urban, worker-centered bases of the party were destroyed in an anti-Communist coup by a young Nationalist ramrod named Chiang Kai-shek, who was in the midst of a monumental effort to reunite China after a generation of regional control by local warlords. Gradually, the center of Communist activity shifted to the countryside, where Mao, along with the future Marshal Chu Te, had already put together a peasant army and begun to build up a rural base in the remote mountainous Ching-kangshan region of South Central China.

These were hard years for Mao and the party. It was then that Mao's sister and his first wife were executed by Kuomin-

tang troops.\* In Ching-kangshan, Mao's forces struggled to hold their "liberated" area against ever stronger attacks by Chiang's armies. During this period, Mao developed the tactics that are still followed by many revolutionaries the world over. He combined a limited program of rural land reform with the creation of mass organizations, which succeeded in winning a huge popular following for the Communist Party. At the same time he developed a formula for guerrilla warfare, summed up in one of his most frequently quoted slogans:

*The enemy advances, we retreat;*

*The enemy camps, we harass;*

*The enemy tires, we attack;*

*The enemy retreats, we pursue.*

Those principles soon became articles of survival. In 1934 Mao and Chu Te, the Chinese Red Army commander, led the party through the legendary Long March. Pursued and harassed by Kuomintang troops, 100,000 Chinese Red Army troopers left their Kiangsi base area in South Central China for the rocky hillsides of Yenan, far to the north. Fighting as it marched, the force struggled across 7,000 miles of rugged, largely hostile territory. When Mao reached Yenan in late 1935, only a tenth of his men were left. From those toughened survivors—including Mao's gifted collaborator Chou En-lai—emerged most of the men who ruled the People's Republic of China during the first quarter-century of its existence.

In Yenan, Mao embarked on a new effort to create a revolutionary base area, organizing the peasant masses, setting up mutual-aid teams, getting local people politically involved by holding village elections. Later, as the party's control extended over almost 100 million people, Mao's program became more radical. Land was expropriated from some of the biggest landlords, while peasants were organized to "speak bitterness" against local "tyrants." "Revolution is a drama of passion," Mao recalled later. "We did not win the people over by appealing to reason but by developing hope, trust, fraternity."

From 1937 to 1941, the Communists had an uneasy partnership with Chiang's Nationalists in the struggle against Japanese invaders, but cooperation ended after a number of skirmishes between the two armies. From then on, Kuomintang troops and the Chinese Red Army spent as much time fighting each other as they did the Japanese. A year after the Pacific war ended in 1945, full-scale civil war erupted. For four bloody years, the Communists steadily expanded their hold on the countryside until, in the final months of the war, as Mao later put it,

"Mao began living with his second wife Ho Tzu-chen in 1928, two years before the death of Yang K'ai-hui. In 1939 after Ho Tzu-chen, who bore Mao five children, went to Moscow for medical treatment, he married actress Ch'ung Ch'ing."



MAO ON HORSEBACK IN NORTH CHINA DURING CIVIL WAR (1947)

A renowned strategy for guerrilla war: "The enemy advances, we retreat; the enemy retreats, we pursue."



MAO IN MOSCOW FOR 70TH BIRTHDAY OF STALIN (1949)

"the cities fell like ripe fruit." On Oct. 1, 1949, Mao spoke in Communist Peking. "Our nation will never again be an insulted nation," he said. "We have stood up."

Mao's triumph ended nearly 50 years of chaos and civil warfare in China. It also completed the unification of China dreamed of by Chiang and Sun Yat-sen. Although he later reviled Moscow as an evil example of bourgeois revisionism, Mao set out to turn China into a socialist state modeled largely after the Soviet Union. His first step was to harness China's greatest resource, manpower, in order to improve agricultural production. Land was gradually collectivized, often with the use of kangaroo courts to convict the largest landlords and Kuomintang officials were executed over the course of the next six years. Others, particularly intellectuals and "capitalist elements," like factory owners, began the long and often painful process of *ssu-hsiang kai-sao* (thought reform), in which they presumably purged themselves of "bourgeois, individualist" ideas. Countless millions succumbed to the rigors of China's re-education camps.

The Chairman's programs for transforming China were interrupted by the Korean War. Mao ordered his armies into battle in support of North Korea when General Douglas MacArthur's forces neared the Yalu River. China suffered nearly 900,000 battle casualties (including one of Mao's sons, An-ying, an infantry

division commander who died in action in November 1950).

Despite the Korean diversion, Mao's policies of farm collectivization were carried on. By 1956 grain production had risen to 182 million tons, from 108 million in 1949. At the same time infusion of loan money and technology from the Soviet Union helped the Chinese to expand dramatically their heavy industry: steel production, only 360,000 tons in 1950, was up to 3,220,000 tons by 1956. But this success brought with it a new concern. The 1956 Hungarian revolt stirred fears in Peking that a policy of strict ideological controls would alienate the very people needed to run a modern industrial economy—the educated scientists and technicians who came from bourgeois backgrounds. Mao decided to relax and also to test the nation's mood. He issued an ill-fated slogan: "Let a hundred flowers bloom. Let a hundred schools of thought contend." Given free rein, many Chinese responded with a storm of bitter criticism that went far beyond complaints about minor irritants. When basic Communist principles came under attack, Mao called a halt, and in 1957 launched a new "anti-rightist campaign" aimed at those who had spoken out too strongly.

WITH CHIANG KAI-SHEK DURING "UNITED FRONT" (1945)



Shortly thereafter Mao decided to accelerate the pace of socialist reconstruction by unleashing what he called "the tremendous energy of the masses" on the country's economic backwardness. The program was called the Great Leap Forward. It turned out to be anything but. Backyard steel furnaces (intended to turn the entire country into a giant steel mill), 18-hour working days and the herding of half a billion peasants into giant, ramshackle communes—combined with three years of bad weather—plunged China into chaos again. Production plummeted; in some places, there was near starvation for the first time since the Communist takeover. Economic progress may have been set back by as much as a decade.

The Great Slide Backward also inaugurated serious trouble with the Soviet Union. In 1958 Mao warned that "blind obedience" to the Russian model of socialism ignored China's unique needs. "I couldn't have eggs or chicken soup for three years," he quipped, "because an article appeared in the Soviet Union which said that one shouldn't eat them." Mao's deviations from Soviet theories or economic planning grated on the Russians, who regarded themselves as the true guardians of Marxist orthodoxy; Moscow's attempts to push China back onto the Soviet path were deeply resented in Peking.

In 1960 the first anti-Soviet polemics began to appear in the Chinese press. Intellectually, Mao had been somewhat wary of Soviet guidance since the early 1930s; he felt that wrongheaded instructions from Moscow were to blame for many of the Chinese Communist Party's early failures. Now he detected a more serious flaw in the Russian way of socialism under Nikita Khrushchev: the creation of precisely the kind of technocratic, elite





INSPECTING CROPS IN HOMAN (1958)



TAKING PART IN PHYSICAL LABOR NEAR PEKING



SWIMMING THE YANGTZE (1966)

A persistent and sometimes foolish effort to "unleash the tremendous energy of the masses" on the country's backwardness.

class that Mao feared would destroy China's revolution. Simultaneously, old border conflicts between the two countries were revived. By 1969 Soviet and Chinese troops in battalion and regimental size units were skirmishing along the Ussuri River, on the frontier between Siberia and Manchuria. Peking realized to its horror that it would have few friends to call on should the border tensions lead to all-out war. It was then that Mao approved the new diplomatic drive that gradually ended China's long isolation from the world and led to its rapprochement with the U.S.

But a change in foreign policy came only after Mao had led China through its most traumatic political convulsion since 1949, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. It was an effort to ensure the survival of revolutionary values in a population that was in danger of becoming set in its ways. Its chief enemies were "power holders taking the capitalist road," exemplified by President Liu Shao-ch'i, who believed in such pragmatic policies as material incentives for workers and expertise at the expense of "Redness." At its height, rampaging hordes of Red Guards crisscrossed the country following Mao's directive to "bombard the party headquarters." Every wall in every Chinese city was plastered with slogans and posters. Demonstrations went on for so long that many people complained they could not sleep. It was at this time that Mao's near deification began: his portrait became ubiquitous, put up on millions of posters and worn on badges by virtually everybody in China. His thoughts, excerpted in the Little Red Book, became matter for fervent nationwide veneration.

**M**ao succeeded in purging thousands of cadres from the party, but in the process China sank into a power struggle that brought the country to the brink of civil war. Diverse factions, all of them claiming the true mantle of Maoism, went at one another with staves and battering rams. Many were falsely accused by fanatical Red Guard factions and humiliated in mass meetings. As the movement edged over into irrationality, many, perhaps thousands, were killed; far more ended up in prisons, often for years. Mao finally asked despairingly: "Who could have foreseen this kind of fighting?"

Eventually, the army had to be called in; order was restored, but in the wake of the upheaval came a seesawing series of purges and counterpurges, as various factions fought over the remains of the broken party. The most significant casualty of the post-Cultural Revolution upheavals was Defense Minister Lin Biao, whom Mao had personally chosen as his successor. Accused of plotting to assassinate Mao, Lin allegedly died in a plane crash in Mongolia.

The whole truth regarding the Lin Biao affair may never be known. It is certain, however, that following his death, Mao and China entered a new era of moderation. With the Chairman's

blessing, Premier Chou En-lai launched a policy of reconciliation with the U.S. and Japan. Chou also supervised the rebuilding of the party apparatus and government in an effort to deal with the most vexing problem facing the country's aging leadership: how to assure a smooth transfer of power to a younger generation.

Chou died in January while that difficult task was still under way. When Mao died last week, it was unclear whether it had been finished or indeed what Mao's own role had been. Unseen and ailing behind the walls of his residence in Peking's Forbidden City, Mao continued to issue vague, Delphic utterances that were duly featured in the *People's Daily*. Beyond that, very little is known about Mao's final days; very little is likely ever to be known. Certainly they were passed amid circumstances almost as dramatic as the rest of his momentous life. It was not only the reported social disorders at various places in China, the loss of discipline and lowering of morale. The series of devastating earthquakes that rocked the country were the worst natural disasters suffered by China since the Communists came to power. It was hauntingly apt that the very week Mao died Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua repeated to visiting former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger one of the Chairman's own favorite phrases. "The current international situation," said Ch'iao, "is one of great disorder under heaven and one in which the wind sweeping through the tower heralds a rising storm in the mountain."

RED GUARDS PERFORMING ANTI-AMERICAN SKIT (1967)





EDGAR SNOW WITH THE CHAIRMAN AT T'IENT'AN MEN SQUARE

## BETWEEN GOD AND MAGOG: AN AMERICAN MEMOIR

Probably no Western journalist understood China—or Mao Tse-tung—better than Edgar Snow. A young reporter from Kansas City, he first interviewed Mao in 1936, after the Long March, in the caves of far-off Shensi province. From their conversations came Snow's prophetic book, *Red Star over China*. Snow was frankly a Mao partisan. Their friendship continued over the years, and Snow frequently emerged from his talks with the Chairman bearing a noteworthy scoop. It was in a *LIFE* interview in 1971, for instance, that Snow first indicated that Mao would welcome a visit to Peking by President Nixon. Snow, who died of cancer 14 months after that final talk, made these notes on his feelings for Mao as a man. Excerpts from his previously unpublished recollections:

My first and lasting impression of Mao Tse-tung was of a man serenely convinced that he was destined to liberate and unify China; to restore its ancient greatness; to humble tyrants and bring to the lowliest peasant a new sense of self-reliance and self-respect; and to educate young people to become nobler beings. Mao was deeply touched by the age-old reformer's *hybris*—to remodel the inner man to perfection—and the vision never entirely left him.

From a lean and hunted Red-bandit with a price of 250,000 silver dollars on his head, when I first met him in 1936, Mao himself metamorphosed into a red and gold godhead of perfection seen on banners, posters, pins and family altars—the universal metonym of China, father image to more people than any national leader, and author of "works" officially pushed into literally billions of copies in major and minor languages.

An atheist who rejected all religion as superstition, Mao nevertheless allowed himself to become the idol of a new Cult. Why? For "good reasons," he said to me in 1965: without a Cult he might not be able to maintain himself and his Thought—the important thing—in power. God or Magog, man could not yet, he recognized, do without a national image of self-esteem.

During the October anniversary celebrations of 1960, when Mao greeted me at the Heavenly Peace Gate, I reminded him

that we had last met in Shensi. "Your cave has slightly enlarged," I said. He smiled rather wanly. In that old cave, when he had told me his personal history, life had been for him a far simpler struggle for survival. We were in the hamlet sanctuary of Pao-an, not far below Mongolia. Between bomb-proof walls and ceilings of solid stone, as we talked for many nights, Mao sat on his crossed legs in a deep grotto. Before us on an unpainted table sputtered candles from which we lit countless cigarettes.

Mao was then poorly clad, plain living, physically tough, and taller than the average Chinese: an absorbing talker, alternately objective, subjective, and amusing in his analysis of his youth, he was shrewd and imaginative in his estimates of people and his experiences. A man of tenacious will, he was a mixture of romanticism and realism in his projection of himself, well read in Chinese history, politics, philosophy and literature; actively curious about the foreign lands and peoples he had read about but never seen; and altogether quite the most extraordinary Chinese I had met.

Mao also had a sense of humor, with a sardonic or irreverent sting. "Stalin," he said to me in 1939, "has Hitler in his pocket," and then added "but only half in." He preferred life at the front to staff life, he said: "my bowels never worked better than during the battle of Changsha." In 1960 I asked him whether he would visit Washington if invited there. "I would like to swim the Potomac River but I think Washington officials would only let me swim the Mississippi," he replied. "At the mouth," he explained, "where it is 50 miles wide." Recalling the Taiwan crisis of 1958 he said: "Sometimes we have only to fart to stir Americans into moving a battleship or two or even a whole fleet."

Mao had some personal contradictions. He opposed bad habits and he was an inveterate smoker. He preached against egotism and imposed his Thought over all. He prevented his hagiographers from going to certain extremes, but he complementarily watched displays of mass worship of Mao Tse-tung which would have horrified Lenin. Anti-traditionalist and anti-imperialist, Mao chose to live and work in the former palaces of the Son of Heaven; he was not above exploiting symbols of the past to enhance his prestige.

Dogma is more useless than cow dung," he said, and he insisted on testing all theory in practice; yet he detested pragmatists as well as liberals. Mao was not without blood on his hands, of course, but he was not a vengeful and paranoid killer like Stalin nor a madman like Hitler. Some killing was necessary in a revolution—*pour encourager les autres* (as an example to others). But Mao opposed excesses as a waste; he valued human life.

"Marxists," said Mao, "should not use methods of suppression to oppose criticism"—but by 1967 Peking's revised Public Security code provided "severe punishment" for "reactionary writing" which questioned the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. All the same, Mao was a humanist who believed, "most of our people are good or can be made good. Aren't the majority in between; bad some of the time but good under the right teachers? Isn't it the same everywhere?" he asked me. There was more than a touch of the Tao in Mao's dialectics: "Good can come out of bad, bad can come out of good."

He was something of an ascetic; he told me that he once cut a student who had offended by talking about "buying a piece of meat" for a meal. Simplicity was the word for Mao's personal style of living in clothes, in surroundings, in food. He liked *pien-fu* or family food, he drank little, and his gourmet luxury was a side dish of hot red peppers from Hunan. Homespun in his tastes, he was no aesthete; for him art was primarily an instrument of class warfare. (He himself failed in a drawing class.) An intellectual he was, but before that a peasant, and he held in contempt intellectuals who had never soiled their hands, planted rice, or fired a gun. He despised bureaucrats.

For the Chairman the revolution was secure only as long as the Countryside held the balance of power against the City. His nostalgic ideal was the Yen'an proto-socialism of wartime years: a Spartan brotherhood of soldier-worker-peasant-intellectual,

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with manual and mental tasks equated in a selfless society. Indeed he almost feared that progress would bring too much ease. He believed work and hardship built character. "So what if the Chinese masses should not have the material comforts of the European (bourgeoisie) for another 50 years?" he asked me in 1960. "Deprivation, austerity, struggle, make self-reliance. Obsession with comforts makes men decadent and spiritually barren. Isn't it likewise with nations?"

Mao said some prophetic things to me in 1936 and 1939. He correctly described the strategy and tactics he would use to build an army during the patriotic war against Japan, and thereafter to win revolutionary victory. All power was his candid aim. Agrarian democrats? "Never!" he answered my question in 1939. "We are always revolutionaries (Communists) and never reformists." He said in 1936, "when the Chinese revolution is victorious, the masses of many colonial countries will follow our example." In 1965 he predicted how and why the United States would fail in Vietnam—and without any Chinese armed intervention.

**M**ao's distinction was a supple and analytical mind highly skilled in both ancient Chinese dialectical thought and Marxism-Leninism. He could simultaneously hold in mind contradictory concepts of time and space, of strategy, of right and wrong; he could act out decisions into realities as if they were the only truth, knowing all the while that the opposite was an essential part of it. Was that also true of his estimate of the Cult of Mao?

"A thousand years from now," he told me in 1965, "all men (leaders) of our time, even Marx, Engels and Lenin, will probably appear rather ridiculous." Perhaps here his estimate was really too modest; if there are exceptions, Mao Tse-tung will be among them.

## KISSINGER ON MAO: BRILLIANCE & COLD BLOOD

*Over the past four years, two American Presidents, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, assorted U.S. representatives and State Department aides spent more time with Chairman Mao than any other Westerners. Kissinger himself, the former teacher, admits that he played the student in the presence of Mao—whom he met six times in the course of nine visits to China. Last week, after interviews with Kissinger and top aides, TIME's Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey constructed this candid American portrait of the Chairman, whom the Secretary called "the greatest man" he had ever known, for both bad and good.*

From February 1972 to December 1975, the Americans watched as the once robust Chairman shrank with age. Mao must have lost 40 lbs. in that time. His complexion turned pasty gray and his lower lip began to sag, impairing his speech so that words came out in guttural bursts. The last time that Kissinger saw Mao, he was afraid that the old man would not be able to talk for ten minutes. But the talk went on for two hours. It was "the most stupendous demonstration of will I had ever seen," says Kissinger. Mao mustered so much force that even though each word was a strain, he completed an assessment of world affairs that Kissinger still terms "extraordinarily brilliant."

Mao gave me the most cold-blooded analysis of the balance of world power that I had ever heard. Kissinger reported. Despite the Chairman's strong ideological commitment, he analyzed the world scene in realistic terms, whether the people about whom he was talking were capitalists or Communists. The Americans found that Mao's assessments of other people were hard and ungrivous. Mao's capacity to admire people was severely limited." Kissinger says. Yet his U.S. visitors found that he did admire Charles de Gaulle and had a "sort of admiration" for Britain's former Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath. Mao's hatred of former U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, the symbol of America's policy of nonrecognition of China, burned



SECRETARY OF STATE HENRY KISSINGER WITH MAO (1973)  
*Hard assessments, and jokes about Watergate.*

bright to the end. But he came to respect Richard Nixon. In his talks with Kissinger, he was frank to say he wanted to see Nixon re-elected and George McGovern defeated. He was contemptuous of McGovern and said that he was a weak man.

To Mao, the U.S.'s loss in Viet Nam was an almost unbelievable show of weakness. He could not comprehend how a nation as big and powerful as the U.S. would give up a war after losing only 50,000 men. But if that was a mystery to him, Watergate may have been even more of one. Executive authority was sacrosanct in Mao's world, and he thought that any government that allowed such a thing to happen had to be soft. He made little jokes about Watergate to Kissinger, but it was not a casual concern of Mao's. He brought it up several times in his conversations with the Americans, expressing his great respect for Nixon and his disdain for people who would topple such a leader.

Mao's central concern was always the Soviet Union. His talk about the Soviets was uncompromising; he described them as stupid and brutal people. They had corrupted Communism. Mao was open about his need to use the U.S. in his strategy against the Soviet Union. Self-interest motivated his diplomatic opening to America. He was proud that he had started it and was determined to maintain it.

Mao believed that there would be a nuclear world war, and that the Chinese, with their small farms, their tunnel system and their numbers, would emerge from the smoking ruins as the dominant power. But, said Kissinger, there was no hint that under these conditions the Chinese would reach out and try to absorb the world. Mao never talked to the Secretary or others like an imperialist. While he understood and valued strength, he never spoke of it in terms of tanks and planes. Indeed, he expressed no material vision of China's future. He was creating "a new man," and that was a spiritual thing. Mao concerned himself with mankind, but had little time for individual men. "Mao was treated like a divinity," says Kissinger. "I do not think he had any personal friends." In all the hours of talk with the Secretary, Mao never once mentioned his wife. He did, however, mention Nancy Kissinger once, observing, "She towers over you."

In the last meetings, Mao talked increasingly of being "called by God." He was concerned about succession, the government that would follow him. Kissinger tried to joke about it, saying that the summons from God was something that Mao should not heed. If the two ever got together, teased the Secretary, it would be too difficult a combination with which to contend. Despite the banter, the Americans were intrigued by the old atheist's repeated references to God. Was he mellowing? Or was it out of regard for Western religious beliefs? Kissinger was never quite sure.



## SOUTHERN AFRICA

# Kissinger Starts a Final Crusade

Early this week Secretary of State Henry Kissinger embarks on his latest—and almost certainly last—diplomatic foray. It may also be his most dangerous and most difficult because its goal is nothing less than preventing a race war in southern Africa.

Last week, following a three-day meeting with South African Prime Minister John Vorster in Zurich, Kissinger flew to London, Paris and Hamburg to report on the talks' progress to America's allies, then returned to Washington to confer with President Ford. Almost immediately, Ford and Kissinger decided that the Secretary should proceed to southern Africa to try his special style of shuttle diplomacy. In the meantime, Vorster will meet with Rhodesia's stubborn Prime Minister Ian Smith. Vorster is also scheduled to deliver a political address that may prove to be an important policy statement on South Africa's future.

Kissinger's efforts on behalf of southern Africa have come none too soon—and, some fear, may be too late. Even as he conferred with Vorster last week, guerrilla raids continued in Rhodesia and Namibia (or South West Africa), the onetime League of Nations-mandated territory that South Africa has ruled since 1920. Across South Africa itself, a wave of rioting, looting and arson sputtered on in the nation's non-white urban ghettos for the sixth straight week.

**Whites Threatened.** Hardest hit last week was Cape Province, where 15 "coloreds" (as South Africans of mixed blood are known) were killed in a single night by police fire; among the victims was an eight-year-old boy. The incident occurred one day after Prime Minister Vorster had repeated in a speech to his party's faithful that colored people would never sit in South Africa's all-white Parliament. In the city of Paarl, 35 miles from Cape Town, the main business district was closed after hundreds of youths stoned shops and cars and tried to storm a police station. "It looks like a battlefield," said a police official. At Stellenbosch, roads leading to the nonwhite townships were closed by police. In Kimberley, the diamond-mining city in the center of the country, police clashed with a crowd of 700 students. In Manenberg, mobs stoned police and threatened to attack nearby white areas; the cops responded with rifle and shotgun fire, killing at least 14. All told, more than 325 people have been killed throughout the country since violence broke out at Soweto township near Johannesburg last June 16. Of these, all but two were black or colored.

Few white South Africans believe the long-feared Armageddon is at hand

—the moment when the country's 18 million blacks, 2.3 million coloreds and 750,000 Asians would suddenly rise up against the 4.2 million whites. The whites, however, have deeply been shaken by the current violence and the realization that Africa's white bastion has at last become a theater of grave danger.

John Vorster is not yet prepared to negotiate a meaningful change in South Africa's system of apartheid, or "separate development." Late last week, though, the government announced some concessions "to eliminate outmoded practices that cause discontent." Henceforth, coloreds and Asians will be allowed to set up businesses in all industrial areas of the country and engage in trade outside their residential ghettos. They will also be able to serve on boards of racially mixed unions, and have been promised equal opportunity with whites in the civil service. Most of the rioting coloreds, however, are students with little interest in improved business conditions—and nothing at all was conceded by the government to the blacks.

Vorster is convinced that if the Rhodesian and Namibian problems can be settled, his own country will gain some precious time in which to build a genuine detente with black Africa. For that reason he welcomed the Zurich meeting. For the benefit of his conservative constituency, he criticized a speech in which Kissinger openly denounced apartheid, and fretted that he would not negotiate with him on the Sabbath.\* In truth, Vorster came to Zurich a chastened man prepared to do business. For his part, the Secretary easily extracted from Vorster enough concessions to justify the meeting as the promising start of another session of Kissinger-style diplomacy.

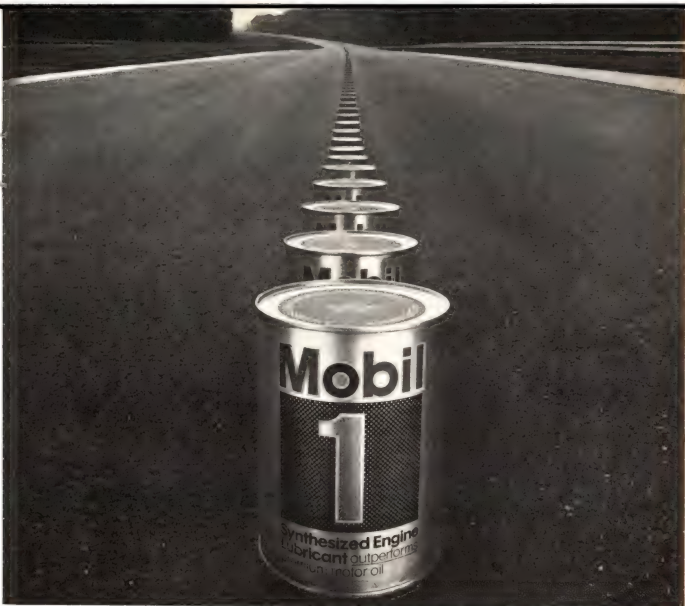
Kissinger and Vorster met at neighboring mountainside hotels in the suburban section of Dolder. Both were whisked from the airport to their hotels in an orange Sikorsky helicopter, high above the city of Zurich and far from any demonstrators. Over dinner (at which the South Africans were hosts) and lunch (given by the Americans) and in between, the two leaders talked for a total of 13 hours, reviewing the southern African situation in considerable detail. Though neither was prepared to disclose the substance of the talks, it is known that the chief subjects discussed were Namibia and Rhodesia.

**NAMIBIA.** This was the easier one—the bottom-line issue that alone made the meeting worthwhile. South Africa had already agreed to Namibian independence by Dec. 31, 1978, under a multiracial government. Vorster still re-

\*In fact, the two men met on Sunday for more than four hours.

VORSTER & KISSINGER IN ZURICH

RIOT POLICEMAN IN ACTION  
A racial battlefield in Cape Town.



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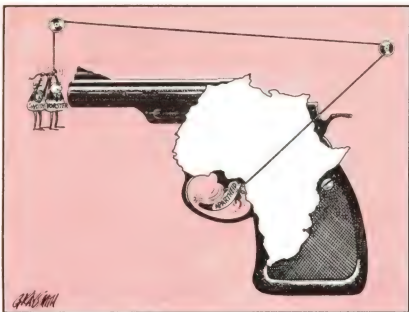
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fused to deal directly with the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), Namibia's main liberation (and guerrilla) movement. But he hinted that SWAPO could be invited to the round-table conference—now under way at Windhoek, the Namibian capital—by conference delegates. He also indicated that South Africa might be willing to move Namibia's independence date forward to Dec. 31, 1977. In return, Vorster would insist that a SWAPO-dominated government guarantee the safety and rights of Namibia's white minority.

**RHODESIA.** Vorster declared publicly that he was not prepared to put pressure on Rhodesia's Smith. In truth, he has been doing it for some time. Last year South Africa withdrew 2,000 of its paramilitary police from Rhodesia. Recently it pulled out 50 helicopter pilots, crew chiefs and technicians. Two weeks ago, South African Foreign Minister Hilgard Muller said Pretoria now regards the principle of black majority rule in Rhodesia as "acceptable." Privately, Vorster is said to believe Smith (a former R.A.F. pilot who Vorster feels is "refighting the Battle of Britain") must become more flexible. Vorster is prepared to "point out alternatives and offer advice" to the hardheaded Smith, but in return he insists that Kissinger must somehow persuade the guerrilla groups to ease up in their attacks on Rhodesia—hardly a simple task.

Vorster and Kissinger also talked about the British-American plan to set up a fund of about \$1.5 billion to \$2 billion to be underwritten by the U.S., Britain, West Germany and perhaps other Western countries. The purpose of this financial safety net would be to indemnify white settlers for any property seized by a black government or to buy the property from them if they decided

to leave the country. The effect of the fund, Kissinger hopes, would be to assure Rhodesia's 275,000 whites that majority rule need not spell economic disaster for them. Details of the fund are still to be worked out, presumably by the Kissinger shuttle.

The meetings ended amicably. Before leaving for home, Vorster grandly told the press, "America is the leader of the free world, and I am part and parcel of the free world, and therefore America is also my leader." Kissinger, deliberately optimistic, called the discussions "fruitful." "Should I say progress is at hand?" he quipped, referring to his embarrassingly premature announcement in October 1972 that peace was at hand in South Viet Nam.

While Vorster and Kissinger were talking in Zurich, five African presidents met in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, at the behest of President Julius Nyerere. The African leaders tried hard to bring about a reconciliation among the three principal Rhodesian liberation movements, which have long been feuding, but failed once again. In truth, the disunity among Rhodesian blacks is almost as big an impediment to majority rule as Ian Smith's intransigence. In the end the five presidents could only agree that the guerrilla war should be "intensified," but, on the other hand, they had no objection to a Kissinger shuttle in pursuit of peace.

Kissinger, who did not hear about the Dar es Salaam meeting until the night before he left for Zurich, was worried that the African leaders would reject his negotiating offer before he had a chance to discuss it with them. Later he told newsmen that he had been invited to visit Dar es Salaam on his forthcoming shuttle. A Tanzanian spokesman put it somewhat differently: "He

asked to come, and we said, 'All right, come along.'" Despite his minor gaffe, Kissinger will obviously be welcome in Tanzania, as well as Zambia, the most important stops on his current trip. From there, he will go to South Africa to see Vorster again.

The complexities of southern Africa's problems make those of the Middle East seem almost simple by comparison. Any negotiations on Rhodesia would include not only the three leading liberation groups, but also four black states bordering on Rhodesia, the Smith regime, and South Africa. To simplify the logistics a bit, at least at the start, Kissinger hopes to ask Nyerere and Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda to handle the liberation movements and let Vorster deal with Smith.

Quite a chore to undertake in the best of times, let alone just seven weeks before a U.S. presidential election. But, as Kissinger argues, the risk of doing nothing is much greater. Unchecked, southern Africa will almost certainly drift into racial war. Whether the Soviet Union or any other foreign power could exploit such a phenomenon for long is doubtful, but the potential for short-term mischief making is awesome. Small wonder then that Kissinger is eager for one more crusade before he quits.

## FRANCE

### The Prodigal Accountant

At first, it appeared to French police like a case of straightforward, though exceptionally grand larceny. Early last July, Hervé de Vathaire, 49, the chief accountant of France's huge Dassault conglomerate, strolled into the Banque Nationale de Paris and signed a withdrawal order on the personal account of his employer. The sum was unusually large: 8 million francs (\$1.6 million) in 500-franc notes. Still, no one at the bank thought to question De Vathaire as he lugged two big suitcases out of the bank; after all, he had long been empowered to sign Industrialist Marcel Dassault's name on checks. But then De Vathaire vanished.

Last week, after a two-month hiatus, the mild-mannered accountant returned to France from the Greek island of Corfu—tanned, newly bearded and quite penniless. Locked up in Paris' La Santé prison, he faces trial in an affair that has become as labyrinthine as the maze of catacombs that lies under the jail.

The case soon began to look like one calling for the quirky talents of Simeon's Inspector Maigret. A month after the theft, Marcel Dassault, 84, unaccountably withdrew his formal complaint against De Vathaire. Dassault, who is famous for having developed his company's Mirage fighter planes, later appeared on French television with a somewhat unconvincing explanation of his action. He declared that "since there was no chance of recovering the money,



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ACCOUNTANT HERVÉ DE VATHAIRE  
Exceptionally grand larceny.

and to please his parents. I dropped charges against my employee of 24 years' standing." Would he go so far as to rehire De Vathaire? a reporter sarcastically asked. "He's such a good department head," Dassault answered with a straight face, "that I'm sure he'll find a job somewhere."

**Flamboyant Adventurer.** Pursuing the investigation in spite of Dassault, police found that De Vathaire had compiled what he regarded as an incriminating dossier concerning the finances and sales of the Dassault conglomerate. Suspicions of blackmail were reinforced when police learned that the seemingly respectable accountant had recently become enmeshed in the French underworld. Around the time of the death of his wife, who drowned in a bathtub last March, De Vathaire took up with a nightclub hostess, the estranged wife of a man wanted by the Paris police. A friend of hers introduced the \$60,000-a-year accountant to Jean Kay, a flamboyant adventurer best known for his abortive 1971 hijacking of a Pakistan Airlines plane supposedly for the purpose of sending food to Bangladesh. He is also a mercenary who has fought in Biafra, Yemen, Angola and Nigeria.

In a statement he left with the nightclub hostess, De Vathaire claimed he had loaned the Dassault dossier to his new friend, Kay, who failed to return it. According to De Vathaire, Kay threatened to kill him and demanded money in exchange for the dossier. Whether to yield to his blackmailer, to divvy up the loot with his accomplice, or just to relax with a pal, De Vathaire met with Kay at a resort hotel near the Swiss border after the theft, whereupon both men vanished. So did the 8 million francs. Last week Kay phoned a Paris newspaper from his hideaway, declaring, "I had nothing to do with it. For once, I wasn't doing anything. It's De Vathaire who's a bit crazy."

In yet another odd turn in the con-

vulsed case, Paris police have obtained two alleged copies of the confidential Dassault dossier. Although they have not divulged the file's contents, Dassault made another appearance on French television last week to counter widespread speculation that the affair hinges on a cover-up of bribes and other dubious financial dealings by his company. As for his absconding employee, Dassault benignly welcomed him home as a "prodigal son." French justice may not be so kind: if found guilty of fraud, he could be sentenced to two years in prison and fined 36,000 francs.

## DISASTERS

### Look Up in Horror

Flying at 29,000 ft. near Zagreb, Yugoslavia, last week, Lufthansa Pilot Josef Kröse chanced to glance above him. There he saw a scene that caused him to stare in disbelief. Four thousand feet overhead, at the same altitude, two other jetliners were closing fast from opposite directions. As Kröse looked on in horror, the planes smashed head-on into each other. They immediately fell from the sky in battered pieces of wreckage that landed twelve miles apart; at least one woman, working on her farm, was killed by the debris. After reassembling corpses, which were strewn all over the broad area, as best they could and checking them against airline lists, Yugoslav authorities announced that 176 people had died in the collision.

The toll was the highest in aviation history for a two-plane crash, exceeding the casualty list of 162 five years ago at Morioka, Japan, when a Japanese fighter with a student pilot at the controls plowed into an All Nippon Airways

Boeing 727. Even so, in an era of constantly expanding aircraft capacity, the Yugoslav accident was not the worst crash on record. That doubtful honor still belongs to a Turkish Airlines DC-10 jumbo that crashed near Paris two years ago, killing all 345 people aboard.

The planes in last week's collision were a British Airways Trident—Flight 476—bound from London to Istanbul with 63 aboard, and a Yugoslav DC-9. The Yugoslav plane had been chartered to return West German vacationers to Cologne after a 14-day vacation at the Adriatic resort of Split.

One of the first to arrive at the scene of the crash was Policeman Garo Tomaevic. "I saw bodies lying all around," he told reporters. "There was a baby still giving feeble signs of life near the [British] plane, but even if the ambulances had arrived before me, it would have been too late to save it."

Reconstructing events, Yugoslav authorities were told that the DC-9 had been cleared shortly before the crash to climb to 35,000 ft. But the area around Zagreb—a key sky junction of routes to Turkey, Greece and Mediterranean resorts—is one of Europe's busiest air corridors, and the Yugoslav pilot was unaware that the British Trident was already flying at that altitude. Zagreb's air controllers may well be responsible for this fatal error. The preliminary opinion of Vjeselav Jakovac, the Yugoslav judge heading the investigation, was that the controllers probably had incorrectly assessed the altitude of the planes. Five of the controllers were taken into custody for questioning. If found guilty, they could face stiff penalties; in 1974, a Zagreb locomotive engineer found responsible for a train crash killing 130 people received a 15-year prison sentence.

### CHARRED WRECKAGE FROM HEAD-ON AIRPLANE COLLISION OVER YUGOSLAVIA





BARBARA BACH BUSTS INTO AN 007 FILM  
MERCOURI STEPS UP TO A CLASSIC ROLE



High cheek bones, an unplaceable accent and a general air of *je ne sais quoi* added up to just the "weird, transparent quality" Director Lewis Gilbert was looking for. That's why **Barbara Bach**, 27, a sometime actress in grade-II Italian movies like *Spider with the Black Stomach*, won her first starring role in the tenth James Bond film. Bach considers Bond "a male chauvinist pig who uses girls to shield him against bullets." But she rather likes her liberated-woman role in *The Spy Who Loved Me*. Anya, a major in the Soviet secret service. Actor **Roger Moore**, 48, sounds correct but cool about his new co-star. "When they said B.B., I thought it would be Bardot," he admitted. "But I'm not disappointed."

"The reason we're gonna win is because we love music," boomed Candidate **Bella Abzug**, displaying her usual optimism if not faultless logic. Seeking to jazz up her campaign for the Democratic Senate nomination, Bella stopped in at Eddie Condon's in Manhattan for a jam session with the house band, Red Balaban & Cats. While Bella boogied, Balaban introduced a new campaign song, sung to the tune of *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate*. Sample lyrics: "I wish I could legislate like my sister Bella." She can write better laws than any right-wing fella." Chances are, she also plays a meaner mandolin, at least judging by her rendition of *My Melancholy Baby*.

Movie audiences remember her best as that bighearted hooker who worked with gusto but *Never on Sunday*. In Ath-

ens these days, Actress **Melina Mercouri** has been trying her luck in a classic role—as Euripides' Medea, who slays her sons rather than surrender them to her philandering husband. "When she kills, she does so not for vengeance, but so that her sons will not be slaves," asserts Melina, 50. "There is nothing more to say, today or tomorrow, about a woman who believes in human and women's rights."

After his expulsion from the Soviet Union in 1974 and a stopover in Switzerland, **Alexander Solzhenitsyn** has packed his bags once again. Believing himself to be in danger from Soviet agents in Zurich, the Nobel prizewinner has apparently decided to settle near Cavendish, Vt. Though the author has kept mum about the move, a friend of his has recently purchased a home with 50.7 acres of land for \$150,000 and acquired a town permit authorizing \$250,000 in renovations. Solzhenitsyn, who listed Cavendish as his next residence with the U.S. Immigration Service, seems to have made a thorough adjustment to the ways of Western capitalism. Besides a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire, his new digs will include a guest house and tennis court.

"My lawyer told me I'm the only man in America who can't sell them," said Publisher **Ralph Ginzburg**, 46, after giving 3,216 copies of old *Eros* magazines to the American Civil Liberties Union. Because he tried to advertise it through the mails back in 1962, the hard-cover sex magazine—tame by today's standards—brought Ginzburg an

PUBLISHER RALPH GINZBURG TRIES TO GET HIS MONEY'S WORTH OUT OF *EROS*



## PEOPLE

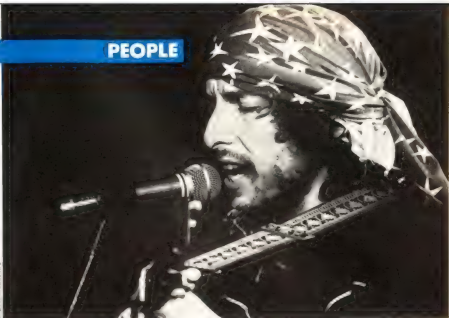
eight-month jail term for pandering and obscenity. The publisher, who now puts out a biweekly consumer guide called *Moneysworth*, reckons his unsold copies of *Eros* to be worth at least \$100 each to collectors—good reason for donating them to his old A.C.L.U. defenders. Well, maybe there was one other reason. Conceded Ginzburg, "I've spent \$40,000 keeping the magazines in storage for the past 14 years."

"It's an eclectic version of an East Coast stick and shingle house," says Designer Robert Gilbert, describing the mansion he has helped create for Folk-Rock Troubadour **Bob Dylan**. Planned in part by Bob's wife **Sara**, the Malibu, Calif., estate features a \$40,000 swimming pool and a \$16,000 copper onion dome. "Inside," says Gilbert, "it's pure New Mexico." Dylan, whose first TV special airs this week, has reportedly supervised much of the construction by long-haired artisans, some of whom are living in tents near by. They might be around for quite a while, say observers, who note that the singer has ordered changes almost every other week.

The Pakistanis want it, the Indians would love to have it, and for now the British are keeping it under guard in the Tower of London. At issue is the Koh-i-noor diamond, a 106-carat bauble that was taken from an Indian prince and presented to Queen Victoria when the East India Company annexed the Punjab in 1849. Pakistan now controls the Punjab territory and Prime Minister **Zul-fikar Ali Bhutto** last week requested the gem's return for "sentimental reasons." Sentiment, presumably, has not blinded Bhutto to the sparkler's worth, which was estimated at \$3.6 million over a century ago. The diamond now nestles in the queen consort's crown, and British Prime Minister **James Callaghan** agreed to consult **Queen Elizabeth** about the Pakistani plea. Grumped Terence Malone, curator of the crown jewels: "If we start giving the spoils of war back, we will be even poorer than we are now."

Perched atop a 35-story Manhattan apartment building, Actress **Linda Blair** had the entranced look of a girl pos-

**LINDA BLAIR GOES OUT FOR EXORCISE**



**BOB DYLAN READIES A TV SPECIAL AND A FANCY NEW MANSION IN MALIBU**

sessed. Which was appropriate, since Blair was filming a dream sequence for *Exorcist II*, her second priests-and-demons drama, starring **Richard Burton** as one of the former. "This one will be suspenseful, not scary," promises Linda, 17. But what about that scene on the rooftop? "It was kind of scary," confesses the actress. "But then again, I definitely wasn't planning on going anywhere."

He may have been the hero of El Alamein, but to some of his hired help Field Marshal **Viscount Montgomery** was just Miserly Monty. When he died last March at 88, Montgomery left behind a \$270,000 estate to be divided among Son David, 48, and the five members of the Cox family, who had served as the field marshal's household staff. The reading of the will recently revealed that his son was to get almost all of Monty's money, while the five Coxes, "in

view of their devotion to duty," could expect \$180 each. "The £100 is a paltry sum for almost a lifetime's work," grumbled Michael Cox, 31, Montgomery's chauffeur for 16 years. "It will pay for a few rounds of beer."

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## Narcissus Redivivus

David is an able college administrator, 40, twice divorced, who has been in psychoanalysis for six months. In sessions with his analyst, he confesses to grandiose feelings of omnipotence, along with a nagging sense of worthlessness. In his relationships with women, he idealizes his lovers, then loses interest. He is consumed by envy, but whatever he works for—a big house, a boat—seems devalued as soon as he owns it.

He feels no emotions except anger and resentment. When his analyst announced he was going on vacation, David did not mind the prospect of doing without treatment for a while, but complained bitterly that he was not told gently enough. The analyst's diagnosis: a severe narcissistic disturbance.

David is hardly alone. Narcissism has become a leading topic of research in psychoanalytic circles, and one of the most common diagnoses. "You used to see people coming in with hand-washing compulsions, phobias and familiar neuroses," says Clinical Psychologist Sheldon Bach. "Now you see

mostly narcissists." Adds Psychoanalyst Herbert Hendin, author of *The Age of Sensation*: "Probably two-thirds to three-quarters of psychoanalytic patients have narcissistic problems."

Total narcissism is generally taken to mean an inability to distinguish the self from the outside world, as an infant makes no distinction between himself, his mother and a bottle of milk. Reeling from some past wound to self-esteem, the narcissist exploits and manipulates others in a quest to be admired. Says Psychoanalyst Donald Kaplan: "Other people exist like a candy machine. If there's no candy left, the narcissist starts kicking the machine."

**Whose Lips?** Though incapable of love, the extreme narcissist is likely to project his own idealized version of himself onto another person, then worship it for a while. A 19th century example: Herman Melville's attempt at "narcissistic merger" with Nathaniel Hawthorne. Melville wrote Hawthorne: "By what right do you drink from my flagon of life? And when I put it to my lips—lo, they are yours and not mine."

One difficulty in diagnosing pathological narcissism is that the whole culture has turned in a narcissistic direction. Social Critic Tom Wolfe calls the '70s the "Me decade." Author Peter Marin describes the swing away from social concerns toward development of the self as "the new narcissism." Marin cites therapists as part of the problem: "The trend in therapy is toward the deification of the isolated self."

Marin, writing in *Harper's*, blames the so-called humanistic psychologies and disciplines, including gestalt, est, Arika and the "self-realization" theories of Abraham Maslow. Marin got some support last week at the American Psychological Association's annual meeting in Washington, D.C. Charles Hampden-Turner, president-elect of the As-

DRAWING BY CHARLES REDDING © 1974

sociation for Humanistic Psychology, agreed that the humanistic movement "is too heavy on the side of self-concern. I think that is self-defeating. I [You seek] to become one with the universe, but instead, you isolate yourself." Transactional Analyst Barton Knapp of Philadelphia's Laurel Institute added that in therapy more people are making self-concern "the Goal" in life. "What's happened is that people move from a position of a compulsive taking care of another person to an equally compulsive taking-care-of-myself. In some respects, it is as if the milk of human kindness were curdled."

Behaviorist Dorothy Tennov of Connecticut's University of Bridgeport says narcissism is becoming a common diagnosis because "therapists seldom see virgins—people who haven't been to a therapist before. The people who go are a relatively small group who become therapy junkies." Others insist that today's narcissism is far broader, a cultural phenomenon growing out of two seemingly competing features of the 1960s and 1970s: rising personal affluence and deepening individual powerlessness. The late Marxist sociologist Theodor Adorno took what is probably the darkest view: Capitalism, he maintained, causes such alienation that "narcissistic merger" of the disaffected with charismatic fascist leaders is becoming more likely. Other critics argue that Americans are turning inward because of a sense that individuals cannot have important social or political impact. Says former Yippee Leader Jerry Rubin, now an experimenter in various self-improvement therapies: "Changes cannot be made on the political level alone. We must examine our own process."

**New Greed.** This kind of self-absorption has stirred research into narcissism. The emphasis on it in psychoanalysis, says Donald Kaplan, "is partly an intellectual fad, partly a response to the kind of patients we started to get in the mid-'60s—people in constant pursuit of new experiences to make their sense of self more palpable and acquit themselves of being less than their neighbors." Psychoanalyst Hendin agrees: "When I grew up, there was a greed for material things; now it's a very egocentric greed for experience." Today, says Hendin, "the culture has made caring seem like losing."

This has added to the problem of deciding who, in an age of less work and more play, is a disturbed narcissist and who is normal. Otto Kernberg of New York, a leading psychoanalytic researcher on narcissism, admits that even many certified psychoanalysts have narcissistic disturbances. But not to worry, Kernberg says; they usually stop practicing because narcissists hate to hear about other people's problems.

"Is there someone else, Narcissus?"



## The Opera Week That Was

The orchestra pit of any opera house is best heard from, not seen. That was not the case last week, as the Paris Opera opened at New York's Metropolitan Opera House and Milan's La Scala moved into Washington, D.C.'s Kennedy Center. It was the first visit to the U.S. for both the storied companies, and in both pits there was unexpected drama on opening night.

At the Met, Sir Georg Solti, the Paris Opera's principal guest conductor, led Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. A light had been glaring in his eyes all evening and, leaning away to avoid it, he had already broken two batons. Then, early on in Act III, he stabbed himself in the temple with the point of his third baton. Blood poured down into his right eye, dripping onto the score and music desk. Onstage, Count Almaviva was alone, plotting revenge against his uppity manservant, Figaro. Solti went on beating time with his right hand and sopping up the blood from his forehead and eye with a handkerchief in the left. "It was like a butcher shop," he said later, with characteristic bluntness.

**Hand Cranks.** Finally, the Count's aria ended. Solti scurried to the conductor's dressing room. It was an opportune moment to abandon the podium, because the opera had moved into a recitative section. Thus while Figaro was discovering that he was the long-lost son of two people he could live without, Solti was holding cold compresses to his head. Like the seasoned pros they are, the members of the orchestra began the subsequent sextet by themselves. His arms beating as he ascended into view, Solti returned to his place. His wound turned out to be minor, and was later patched with a small bandage. "Nothing like this has ever happened before," said Solti. Perhaps not in front of an audience, but Solti once stabbed his hand with a baton during a recording session in Vienna.

Many in the audience were not aware of Solti's dilemma. That cannot be said for what happened at La Scala's first night in Washington. The audience filed into the Kennedy Center Opera House to find the pit raised to the level of the stage. "I've never seen that before," said an usher in response to a ticket holder's question. No one had. The pit had been elevated for a rehearsal that afternoon and the hydraulic lift had stuck. While the audience—including Vice President and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller and Mrs. Giovanni Leone, the wife of Italy's President—waited, stagehands lowered the pit by hand cranks. The prelude to Verdi's *Macbeth* began 54 minutes late.

The audience took the delay with good humor. It was, after all, a proud evening for Washington.

La Scala opened with *Macbeth*, considered one of its best new productions. Typically, the company offered a cast of Italian and non-Italian singers, notably Italy's Piero Cappuccelli as Macbeth, the U.S.'s Shirley Verrett as Lady Macbeth and Bulgaria's Nicolai Ghiaurov as Banquo. On the podium was Claudio Abbado, the company's former music director who, at 43, is a conductor of international stature. The production was conceived and staged by Italy's Giorgio Strehler (see box). For Strehler, it was one of three moments in the spotlight. His staging of *Figaro* was the first hit of the Paris Opera's run in New York. This week La Scala will introduce his production of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*.

**Fiendlike Queen.** Strehler's *Macbeth* turned out to be carefully thought out but disappointing. The play is one of Shakespeare's most vivid, bloody and craftily psychological works. So was Verdi's operatic treatment when he finally finished revising it 18 years after its 1847 premiere. Strehler's stylized production is bloodless and static; lethal emotion is indicated by second-rate symbols. Once they seize the throne, Macbeth and his lady trail around in long, heavy robes apparently intended to represent both royalty and their guilty burden. But the onlooker simply worries about whether, in their ceaseless circling, one may trip over the other's train. Lady Macbeth's wondrous sleepwalking scene is a long left-to-right stroll on a narrow ledge. The only problem is that Verdi was not interested in a high-wire act—Bellini took care of that very nicely in *La Sonnambula*—but in the play of Lady Macbeth's bloodstained hands. As Strehler directs her, Lady Macbeth (Verrett) has plenty of trouble keeping her balance, but in the wrong way.

Were Verrett the Lady Macbeth many had anticipated, perhaps Strehler's mannered direction would have been less bothersome. Both visually and vocally, Verrett conveyed little of Shakespeare's "fiendlike queen." Verdi wanted Lady Macbeth to be "twisted and ugly" and to sing with a "raw, choked, hollow voice." That may be asking too much. But Verrett's bland, unchanging facial expression and her constant concern—except in the sleepwalking scene, her best musical moment—with polished tone did not begin to get inside a character that is more important to the opera than Macbeth.

Abbado's conducting was a deft blend of energy, delicacy and a Toscanini-like instinct for the dramatic jugular. Even better, perhaps, was his mercurial handling two nights later of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* (Cinderella). This work is chamber music for the op-



TENOR CARLO COSSUTTA AS OTHELLO  
Subtlety in a heavy-lumber show.

era house and easily the high point of the composer's comic style. Abbado has that style in his bones.

*Cenerentola* is less popular than Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*, probably because of its emphasis on bravura ensemble work over traditional solo arias. Further, the title role is written for an almost extinct species, the coloratura contralto. La Scala has such a *rara avis* in Lucia Valentini Terrani. She really has too hefty a look for an ideal Cinderella, but her voice was lusciously bronze and agile. The production is by France's Jean-Pierre Ponnelle: within a delightful children's cutout house, he manipulates his characters like a swinging Copellius. How, for example, Soprano Margherita Gaglielmi (Half Sister Clorinda) can make her hoopskirt behave like a Hula-Hoop and still sing is her secret and Ponnelle's. But it is immense fun to watch.

Rossini's humor was, of course, strictly of the broad variety. Mozart's was something else again. One cherishes the 18th century for *The Marriage of Figaro* alone. One takes heart in the present, when a work of such bite and compassion can be done as well as it was on the Paris Opera's first night in New York. Among the many talents at work was the same essential Strehler as



Above: In La Scala's *Macbeth*, the Scots lament Macbeth's tyranny; the royal couple (Verrett and Cappuccilli) toast each other in shaky triumph.

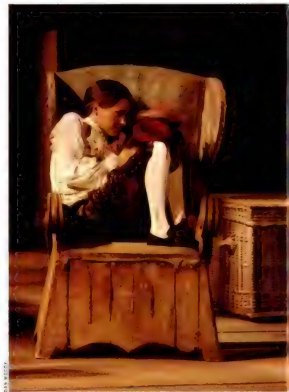


Above: In *La Cenerentola*, Cinderella (Valentini) is surrounded by her kin and her prince (Alva, right). Right: One of the mean sisters (Guglielmi) prepares for the ball.

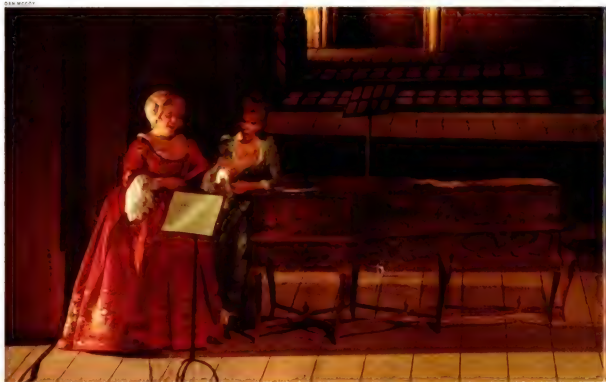




Left: In the Paris Opéra's *Faust*, Mephisto sings his taunting "Golden Call" song.



Above: In *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Cherubino (von Stade) tries, as usual, to be invisible. Below: The Countess (Price) and Susanna (Freni) sing the letter duel.





## Unlocking the Essence of Opera

"I have nothing to guide me but the music. The music leads you across a no man's land of what can be right or wrong on the stage." That could be any stage director making the usual bow to opera in general and the fraternal order of composers in particular.

But Italy's Giorgio Strehler, who was responsible for the opening productions of both La Scala and the Paris Opera, is no ordinary director. When he says the music comes first, he means it. When he uses the phrase no man's land, he means that too: contrasting cases in point are the failure of his *Machbeth* and the success of his *Figaro*.

Strehler's directorial premise is so



DIRECTOR STREHLER & CONDUCTOR ABBADO

old-fashioned that it seems new. The most important thing he does for singers is to make sure they are placed where they can sing best. If the dramatic situation demands it, he will not flinch from asking *Machbeth* to sing lying down or *Lady Macbeth* to sleepwalk across a ledge. But he is never gratuitous about imposing feats of physical endurance. Says Francesco Siciliani, La Scala's artistic consultant: "He never betrays his material in order to make an audience burst into applause at his daring." Strehler would go along with that. "I believe in clarity," he says. "Any kind of theater is an encounter between human beings who look each other in the face and communicate—whether they talk or sing."

He is, of course, not talking about bringing back the good old days when a Caruso would stride forward, plant his feet squarely behind the prompter's box and, as it were, deliver his aria in person. When Strehler puts a soprano at her ease, or when he positions a chorus so that it does not have to shuffle around

the stage while performing, he does it with logic and a convincing illusion of action. At his best, he preserves and freshens the essence of an older work. Says he: "That point of contact between past and present is fleeting. Often a 150-year-old opera is like a little flask of perfume. When you pull out the stopper, the risk is that the scent will vanish."

Strehler, 55, is one of Europe's best-known stage directors, a co-founder with Paolo Grassi of Milan's prestigious Piccolo Teatro. But, unlike his countrymen Franco Zeffirelli and the late Luchino Visconti, he has not yet worked in movies, and so is almost unknown in the U.S. A native of Trieste, he comes from a musical family: his mother played violin in a professional string quartet. "I grew up reading music," says Strehler. Since then he has hankered to be a conductor. "It's a pity that I'm not qualified to conduct an orchestra, because ideally an opera should be under the control of a single person."

He began working in the theater while in his early twenties. After World War II he settled in Milan and, at 26, was invited by La Scala to stage *La Traviata*. Since then he has directed several operas there. Collaborating with Conductor Claudio Abbado has been satisfying, in part because both men thrive on lengthy discussion and painstaking rehearsals. Speaking of their *Bocacenera* production, Strehler comments: "Directing the opera is like writing an essay on it—an effort to unlock the essence."

Yet most of Strehler's career has been spent in the theater. When he was rehearsing Bertolt Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera* at the Piccolo Teatro in 1955, the playwright showed up, hung around after opening night and finally handed Strehler a message typed on an envelope. It asked Strehler to be the artistic custodian of Brecht's works, not just in Italy but in all of Europe. Brecht died the next year, and Strehler has carried on. His timeless, yet utterly contemporary staging of *The Life of Galileo* is considered a classic, used as guidance even by the famed Berliner Ensemble.

At work, Strehler is a one-man lesson in the arts of persuasion. Divas and leading ladies alike find him enormously difficult to refuse—on stage and off. Vibrant and eloquent, a handsome bachelor (he was divorced some years ago) who has a crown of wavy silver hair, Strehler is a familiar figure in Italian gossip magazines because of his stormy love affairs. Not that he has all that much time to himself. Last week, while La Scala and the Paris Opera were proudly introducing his work to U.S. audiences, Strehler was in Paris rehearsing Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. He was too busy to come.

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**Q. Who supervises the work overseas?**

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in *Macbeth*—but what a difference! It was as if he had taken his lead from the *Figaro* overture, that barely perceptible rustle of strings and woodwinds that swells to incandescence. All was succinct and imbued with restrained passion.

To Strehler, Cherubino is not really a silly little cherub, but a hot-blooded youth out to touch, hold, kiss and sleep with any woman who will have him. The result is that Cherubino becomes the mirror reflecting everyone else's sensuality. Other directorial details linger in the memory: the Countess singing of her lost love (*Porgi amor*), while behind her lies a trampled bed, the obvious result of a night of lonely tossing; the haunting way the light in the palace recedes in different layers of intensity as the day wanes at the end of Act III.

For all its stageworthiness, *Figaro* lives by its music, as any great opera must. It has been many years since New York has heard it sung and played so exquisitely. To describe the entire cast, the word perfect for once seems apt. Among the women, British Soprano Margaret Price sang the Countess with an appealingly fresh vocal bloom and a masterly control of the Mozartean style. From New York's Frederica von Stade came a Cherubino of distilled soprano beauty and ebullient range of boyish emotion. Soprano Mirella Freni remains the best Susanna of the day. Belgium's José Van Dam is a handsome, intelligent, rich-voiced Figaro. Gabriel Bacquier's Count Almaviva just gets better with the years.

Presiding over an obviously recharged Paris Opéra orchestra, Solti made his first appearance in an American opera house since 1963-64. His *Figaro* had a spacious relaxation not always heard in his work with the Chicago Symphony. His handling of the surprising events that constitute the wondrous finale of Act II was but one of his many lessons of the evening in how to pace an opera.

At the company's second offering of



BANDAGED CONDUCTOR GEORG SOLT  
"It was like a butcher shop."

the week, Solti again took the podium for the company's three-month-old production of Verdi's *Otello*. It is what is known in backstage lingo as a heavy-lumber show, and an odd one at that. The predominant thrust of the sets by the Czech Josef Svoboda is vertical and white—a tacky white, unfortunately. All of Cyprus seems to rise from the sea right onstage, leaving British Stage Director Terry Hands almost no room to move his characters in. There were one or two striking images—notably Iago, watching Desdemona while leaning on a huge cross. To cite one not-so-striking image, Desdemona in the last act seems to be going to bed under a bulwark of the George Washington Bridge.

Despite the sets and Hands' pallid direction, there was much power in the musical performance. Solti's opening storm scene was a holocaust, the offstage

military brass in Act III a multidirectional marvel, the instrumental heart-break of Desdemona's last act Willow Song and *Ave Maria* delicately etched. The Desdemona was Soprano Price again, pouring forth innocence and purity where, as the *Figaro* Countess, she had exuded weary experience. The contrast was complete, and Price clearly established herself as one of opera's grandest, most exciting sopranos. Her Otello was Italy-born, Argentine-reared Carlo Cossutta. He has a clear, powerful, sweet-topped dramatic tenor voice. He cuts a striking figure as the Moor general, and gives a subtle portrait of a man tearing himself to pieces with jealousy. Baritone Bacquier makes an old, haunchy Iago, but there is craft, wit and evil in every gesture and vocal turn.

To be presented this week are the La Scala *Boccacchia* and the Paris version of Gounod's *Faust*. Even though both companies were off their home ground, comparisons were inevitable. Paris came up with a better-rounded roster of singers—one of whom, Von Stade, goes to Washington this week to assume the title role in *Cenerentola* for La Scala. Both companies were obviously up for the occasion, but Paris, at least with Solti in the pit, seemed to have an edge in *esprit*, or, to be diplomatic, *brio*.

But what may be remembered most are the small similarities. Like the smiling eagerness of all hands to take bows. At the end of each act, not only would all the La Scala principals file out for a curtain call, but the conductor too: that never happens in the U.S. At the end of the next-to-last act of Paris' *Otello*, the curtain went back up on the entire assemblage of generals, courtiers and ladies. And there, front and center, stood a little man in a tuxedo. He turned out to be someone who in America would be almost anonymous: Chorus Master Jean Laforgue. There was credit for all in the opera week that was; both Paris and La Scala turned out to be vintage that travel well.

William Bender

**Engaged.** Clarence M. Kelley, 64, FBI director, and Shirley Dyckes, forty-six, an elementary-school teacher in Maryland and for 15 years a nun in the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The marriage will be his second, her first. A former Kansas City chief of police, Kelley flew to Missouri each weekend after his 1973 FBI appointment to see his wife Ruby, who died of cancer last November.

**Died.** Dalton Trumbo, 70, prolific screenwriter and one of the Hollywood Ten who refused to cooperate with the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1947; of heart failure, in Los Angeles. Because he would not say whether he was or ever had been a member of the Screen Writers' Guild or of the Communist Party, Trumbo served

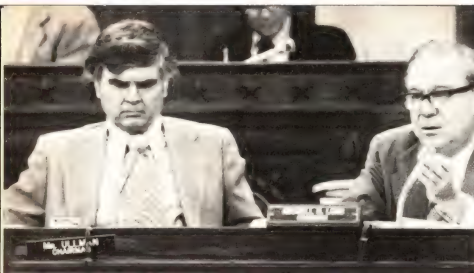
ten months in prison and was blacklisted for 13 years by Hollywood. Under pseudonyms he wrote some 30 scripts, including *The Brave One*, which won "Robert Rich" an Academy Award in 1957. In 1960 Trumbo wrote *Exodus* under his own name, following it with such hits as *Hawaii* and *Papillon*.

**Died.** Robert M. ("Joe") Cannon, 75, retired Army lieutenant general, who served as chief of staff to General Joseph Stilwell in the China-Burma-India theater from 1943 to 1945 and, immediately following the war, commanded a task force that disarmed the Japanese forces and destroyed their war matériel on the islands between Okinawa and Formosa; of a heart attack, in Wilton, Conn.

**Died.** Mao Tse-tung, 82, Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party and leader of the People's Republic of China since 1949; in Peking (see THE WORLD).

**Died.** Helene Berg, 92, widow of the Austrian composer Alban Berg (*Wozzeck*); in Vienna. Reputedly the natural daughter of Emperor Franz Joseph, Helene was devoted to her husband until his death in 1935 and then became a fierce guardian of his works. She felt she was in communion with his spirit and refused to release the nearly finished third act of his last opera, *Lulu*, which is usually pieced together from dialogue and Berg's music for performances. It will be presented by the Metropolitan Opera for the first time this winter.

## MILESTONES



REP. AL ULLMAN (LEFT) & SEN. RUSSELL LONG AT JOINT CONFERENCE ON NEW BILL

## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

### TAXES

# Surprise—Some Real Reform

Too weary to be surprised, a House-Senate conference committee late last week finished groping its way through all 250 disputed provisions of the Tax Reform Act of 1976 and found that it had produced more reform than almost anyone had expected. The bill, which is likely to be passed by both houses of Congress this week, falls far short of the wholesale rewrite of the tax code that ardent reformers, including Jimmy Carter, demand. It still leaves the code resembling a shapeless coat crazily patterned by holes and patches. But its provisions add up to the most significant changes in tax law since 1969, and they will raise an estimated \$1.6 billion of added federal revenue in fiscal 1977.

**Reasonable Bill.** The point of greatest significance to most taxpayers is that the bill extends at least through 1977 the \$17.3 billion worth of personal and corporate income tax cuts first passed last year. But extension of the cuts had never been in doubt; the reform provisions were another matter. "A long, tortuous struggle," sighed House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Al Ullman, and indeed it was. His committee began work on the bill more than a year and a half ago and produced a reasonable bill passed by the House last December. Despite this effort, the Senate version, passed last month, was a travesty of tax reform. It would have opened many new loopholes in the tax laws, including a \$500 tax credit for the training expenses of amateur athletes, and actually would have cost the Treasury \$300 million a year.

The conferees' task was to restore both the reform and the revenue. "They

said it couldn't be done," declared Ullman, sounding like a cigarette ad. "But we found ways to do it, and Senator Long helped." Russell Long, the wily chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, was the dominant figure in the conference. Though he is no friend of tax reform, Long kept a promise to try to reduce the revenue loss.

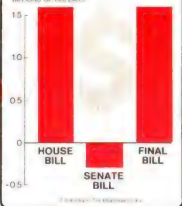
The principal reform in the final bill limits the use of tax shelters. These are investments—in farming, real estate, equipment leasing and the purchase of sports franchises, among many other things—that allow a taxpayer to run up "paper" losses. He can then deduct these losses from his other income and thus shield a large part of that income from taxes. For example, under present law the interest paid on a loan while a building is under construction, and taxes too, can be deducted as a current expense. Since the building produces no income until it is finished, the owner or owners can claim a large loss, often exceeding the total amount they have invested. The new bill would stretch out such deductions over several years; in the case of other tax shelters, the deductions are limited to the amount of money that investors have actually put "at risk."

The biggest revenue item is an increase in the "minimum tax," which will raise more than \$1 billion next year. That also is a significant piece of reform, since the provision will reduce the number of people who earn high incomes but pay only minuscule taxes. The minimum tax is levied on so-called preference income that is not subject to normal taxation—a part of the long-term capital gains from sale of stock

## tax bill's IMPACT

Estimated annual gain or loss in government revenue, fiscal 1977

BILLIONS OF DOLLARS



or real estate, for instance. The minimum tax rate is now 10%; the new bill raises the rate to 15% and applies the tax to much more preference income. Also, the bill doubles, to one year, the length of time that assets must be held before they can be sold at favorable capital-gains rates.

A surprise part of the final bill was a sweeping revision of estate and gift taxes—the first major change in these taxes in 30 years. The provisions are formidably complex, but the impact would be to lower taxes on estates and increase them on gifts.

Currently, 150,000 estates are taxed each year; under the new bill, two-thirds would escape. The mechanism is a conversion of exemptions to credits. The effect at present, the first \$60,000 of an estate is not taxed; that would rise to \$120,000 next year and \$175,000 in 1981. Gift taxes, which now are usually lower than estate taxes, are made equal. A husband or wife, however, can receive lifetime gifts totaling \$100,000 from a spouse without paying tax on them.

**Many Changes.** The bill also takes aim at a longtime target of tax reformers: the rise in value of assets held until death. To illustrate, take the case of an investor who buys stock at \$10 a share and dies, leaving it to his son when it is worth \$50. Under present law, neither the investor nor his son ever pays tax on any part of the \$40 capital gain. The bill would gradually phase in a tax on that appreciation. When its provisions take full effect—perhaps in 30 years




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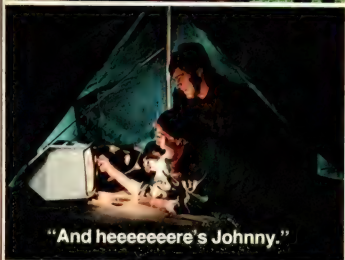
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—the entire increase would be taxed.

The bill makes many other changes affecting individual taxpayers. Some important ones concern payments that working parents make for child care. At present, these are deductible up to \$4,800, but only if the taxpayer's income is \$35,000 or less. The bill converts the deduction to a credit of as much as \$800, to be subtracted from the tax otherwise owed, and removes the income limit. In all, these changes will save working parents \$400 million next year.

The bill also

► Eliminates the \$100 per week exclusion of "sick pay" from taxable income unless the recipient is totally disabled.

► Increases taxes on most U.S. citizens working abroad. At present, the first \$20,000 or \$25,000 of their income, depending on how long they have been abroad, is excluded from U.S. tax. The bill lowers that to \$15,000. In addition, it limits their ability to deduct foreign taxes paid from U.S. taxes owed.

► Limits sharply the right to claim business deductions for offices in the home and for vacation property that is used by the owner and rented.

► Allows a contribution of up to \$1,750 annually to an individual retirement account (IRA) owned jointly by a husband and wife, or up to \$875 annually to two separately owned IRAs, even though one spouse is unemployed. At present, no contributions can be made for a nonworking spouse.

► Allows employers to provide group legal services to their workers as a tax-free fringe benefit.

Even some of the most ardent tax reformers were not displeased with the conferees' work. Said Robert Brandon, head of Ralph Nader's Tax Reform Research Group: "They haven't dealt adequately with tax shelters, but they have raised some revenue." The bill also furthers one major goal of tax reform by raising most of that added revenue from the people who have the highest incomes and the greatest ability to pay.

duction figures," he says. Abel, by contrast, once signed and let his picture be used in an industry newspaper ad pleading for higher productivity.

Among Sadowski's biggest targets is the Experimental Negotiating Agreement, signed in 1973 by the U.S.W. and the steel companies and first applied to an actual contract in 1974. The agreement was hailed as a model of labor statesmanship because it combined flexibility on wages and benefits with a prohibition against strikes. The three-year contract now in effect, for example, gave the workers large increases the first year, guaranteed smaller raises the second and third years and allowed the union to reopen to press for more. But it provided that disputes over wages and benefits be settled by binding arbitration. One aim was to free the industry from the boom-bust cycle that used to attend union bargaining. Steel users would pile up huge inventories during the talks to carry them through a strike, then cut stockpiles after agreement was reached, sending the mills into a slump. Organization Candidate McBride is willing to keep the no-strike approach, if possible, when contracts are renegotiated next summer. Sadowski thinks the discarding of the strike weapon emasculates the union.

Sadowski's campaign faces serious problems. Most important, perhaps, Abel supporters point out that during the contract that Sadowski derides, union wages have risen \$1.97 an hour, or 35%. That is more than twice the climb in the Consumer Price Index. Also, though Sadowski's grass-roots.

"Hiya, buddy" style is appealing to rank and filers, he is not well known outside his district. Some Steelworkers familiar with Sadowski are suspicious of his friendships with such men as liberal Washington Attorney Joseph Rauh and

## UNIONS

# Steeling for a Critical Battle

lorwith Wilbur Abel, president of the 1.4 million-member United Steelworkers of America, is usually reserved. But last month in Las Vegas, addressing the union's biennial convention for the last time—he is 68 and will retire next June—Abel turned uncharacteristically vitriolic. He stormed that "shifty busybodies" telling "Hitler-type lies" were trying to take over the union because they covet its "healthy treasury."

No need to mention names. Everyone knew Abel meant Ed Sadowski, the 38-year-old director of U.S.W. District 31, which includes Chicago and Gary, Ind. The engaging, rough-talking Sadowski plans to announce this week that he will run for U.S.W. president against pro-Abel Candidate Lloyd McBride, 60, the head of St. Louis-centered District 34. Sadowski has some chance of winning the February election, given the Steelworkers' tradition of successful insurgencies. Abel himself ousted David J. McDonald as union president in 1965 and Sadowski won his district presidency in a bitter 1974 campaign against an Abel-backed candidate.

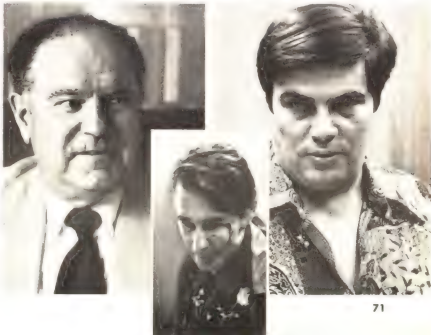
**Machine Oiler.** If Sadowski does become the Steelworkers' chief, both the economy and the climate of the nation's labor-management relations could significantly be affected. The U.S.W., one of the unions whose contracts often set a pattern for others, has recently developed a tradition of peaceful and cooperative bargaining. It has not called an industry-wide strike since a marathon 116-day struggle in 1959.

Sadowski, who went to work at 18 as a machine oiler for U.S. Steel in Gary, and has been working in union jobs since

age 22, will have none of that tradition. He talks an unabashed 1930s brand of labor radicalism, naming as his heroes Socialist Eugene V. Debs and John L. Lewis, and describes his goals for the Steelworkers in the single word change. He rails against "luxedo unionism."

the proclivity of leaders to hobnob with management—and pledges to reduce union salaries, presumably including the president's \$75,000 a year. He wants less noise and dirt in the workplace, less harassment of workers by supervisors. "I'm not concerned with pro-

McBRIDE (LEFT), SADOWSKI (RIGHT); INSET: REBEL ROUGHED UP AT LAS VEGAS CONVENTION







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### ECONOMY & BUSINESS

former J.F.K.-L.B.J. Speechwriter Richard Goodwin, McBride, who went into the mills at 14, and has made a name for himself as an organizer, accuses Sadlowski of neglecting his organizing duties as head of District 31. Sadlowski supporters concede that their man has not accomplished as much as he might have, but say the reason is that he inherited a staff of pro-Abel hacks.

If Sadlowski can somehow overcome these deficiencies and win, mavericks in other unions will doubtless be encouraged to mount similar campaigns, and a feisty season could ensue in the labor-management arena. Within the Steelworkers, the factional fight has already literally drawn blood. A man distributing Sadlowski leaflets was shot in the neck in July outside a Hughes Tool Co. plant in Houston, and another Sadlowski supporter was punched around by three old-liners during the convention in Las Vegas.

### POLLUTION

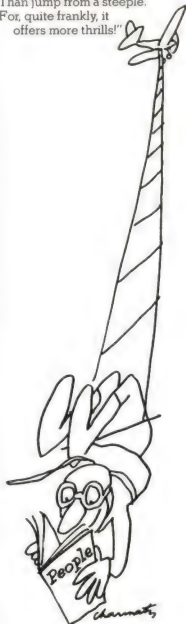
#### GE Pays Up

When a factory has been dumping provably toxic pollutants into a waterway, it can usually settle the case by simply agreeing to stop. Last week General Electric went a long step further: it agreed to help pay for a cleanup.

For years GE had routinely flushed long-lived polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) into the upper Hudson River from its plants at Fort Edward and Hudson Falls, N.Y. These compounds are widely used in the manufacture of electrical equipment, but have been found to cause cancer in laboratory animals and illnesses in plant workers. They would probably even harm people who eat fish that have fed on algae heavily contaminated by PCBs. Last year New York State officials started legal action to make GE stop the discharges, but they were fearful that the action would force the company to shut down the plants, wiping out jobs. For its part, GE would not admit any legal guilt; it pointed out that it had a federal permit to dump the chemicals into the river.

After months of haggling with the state and environmentalists, the company last week agreed to an innovative settlement. GE still accepts no legal blame, but will nonetheless reduce its discharge of PCBs to tiny quantities next year by using substitute chemicals, and build a \$3.5 million treatment facility to prevent other pollutants from entering the Hudson. Further, it will pay \$3 million toward restoring the purity of the Hudson's waters—a sum to be matched by the state—plus another \$1 million to find ways to end the PCB problem. The precedent may be more important than the dollar amounts: never before has a company accepted so much responsibility for cleaning up the mess it has caused.

Said a stuntman from Beverly Hills, While relaxing between several spills, "I'd rather read PEOPLE Than jump from a steeple. For, quite frankly, it offers more thrills!"



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For example, it's expected that our country is going to need a lot more steelmaking capacity — about 30 million added tons by 1983.

Gearing up to meet that anticipated demand would (1) help maintain jobs in the steel industry and (2) create jobs for thousands and thousands of people in other industries — in construction, in equipment manufacturing, and in scores of service industries.

But expansion of this magnitude takes vast sums of money. And over the past inflation-recession years, we just haven't been able to generate enough money to do that job.

So we had to make a tough

choice. We had to "stretch out" the completion of a number of expansion projects we had under way. That cost people jobs.

## One program we had to continue: pollution control

So far, Bethlehem has spent approximately \$400 million to clean up a major portion of the pollutants from the air and water we use. In an effort to meet existing laws and regulations, we have many more projects under way or anticipated in the near future. Cost? About \$600 million over the next five years.

## Is there any relief in sight?

Depending upon how far regulatory agencies go in stringent interpretation of the present laws and regulations, we may be faced with spending hundreds of millions more to try to remove the last traces of pollutants. We do not believe that this would be money well spent.

Attempting to remove the last increment of pollution involves new and uncertain technology. The attempt will consume a

considerable amount of scarce energy and natural resources. And, in many cases, it will merely transfer pollution problems to the power companies or chemical manufacturers.

## Is it time for a rearrangement of priorities?

We are faced as a nation with troublesome alternatives. Do we continue our headlong rush to implement some of the air and water clean-up standards that have yet to be proved necessary — or even sound — or shall we give equal consideration to jobs, our energy requirements, capital needs, and other demands for social priorities?

We believe the national interest now requires that we face up to the dual necessity of preserving our environment while at the same time assuring economic progress.

Our booklet, "Steelmaking and the Environment," tells more about what we're doing to help solve the problems of pollution. For a free copy, write: Public Affairs Dept., Room 476-T, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.



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## AGRICULTURE

## Too Bad, Too Long

For Jay Anderberg, 40, the gavel-pounding auctioneer and co-owner of Miller Livestock Sales Co. in Miller, S. Dak., business this summer has been altogether too good. Since June, Anderberg has sold nearly 5,000 head of cattle per week to packers, feed-lot owners and out-of-state cattlemen, almost five times the average during a normal summer. But business is not normal anywhere in South Dakota this summer. Parched by the worst drought in 42 years, the prairies are yellow and burnt, and at least half of the state's oats, wheat and barley cash crops have been devastated. In all, the drought could cost the state \$1 billion, or half of its annual agricultural output. Since April, less than four inches of rain has fallen in the eastern portion of the state, and, for want of feed and pasture, cattlemen there have been forced to sell livestock before they became starved and worthless. Says Anderberg: "It's a hell of a deal for me. But it's short-lived—we won't have nothin' next year."

In the eight-county region of eastern South Dakota that is the center of the livestock business, fully 75% of the herd has already been sold off. Although cattlemen have been losing as much as \$150 on every head, cash receipts so far have postponed widespread financial disaster. But the three-year dry spell, which has also affected large areas of Minnesota, Wisconsin, northern Michigan, Nebraska and Iowa (TIME, July 26), is now pushing ranchers to the end of their credit lines. Leland Siversten, for example, has been trying, without much luck, to get emergency money from the Farmers Home Administration to keep his yearling business going. "To get money," he explains, "you've got to give projections, and without any feed to show, you can't give projections."

**Small Help.** Primarily through the Federal Disaster Assistance Administration, South Dakota farmers and ranchers stand to receive about \$3 million in hay and transportation subsidies. But federal funds can do little to offset the deeper impact of the drought. According to the University of South Dakota's Business Research Bureau, the cash-crop losses could wipe out 47,500 jobs during the next year, as farms and related businesses lose sales or cut back services. If that happens, the state's unemployment rate could jump from 4.7% now to nearly 20%. Local schools may suffer, since they rely heavily on cattle head taxes for income. Numerous banks may be hurt, particularly those that lend almost exclusively on cash crops and cattle. Many banks have also extended car, machinery and disaster loans to farmers who now have little cash to repay them. The light industry that is gradually moving into South Da-

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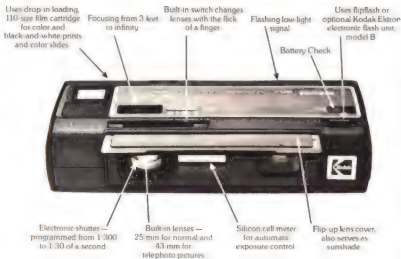
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## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

kota may provide some new sources of revenue, but in two-thirds of the state's counties, agriculture still accounts for more than 50% of total income.

Still, dispirited ranchers continue bringing their cattle to auction each week. As Ron Nelson, a cattleman up from Iowa to look over the South Dakota stock, observed recently in Miller, "If this were the first year of the drought, a lot of these boys would take a loan, buy some hay and hold on. But it's been too bad, too long."

## PERSONALITIES

### Making It in Sweden

So confining are socialist Sweden's soak-the-rich laws that trying to make it big in business is about as difficult as trying to hit a home run inside a telephone booth. Yet it can be done. The most dramatic proof is Anders Wall, 45, president of Stockholm-based Beijerinvest and the fastest-rising star in the Swedish corporate world. During the past decade, Wall, through a shrewdly calculated program of acquisitions, has built his company from a small trading firm into a conglomerate embracing 50 trading and manufacturing concerns that turn out goods as diverse as beer, rolling-mill equipment and industrial pumps. Under Wall, Beijerinvest's sales went from \$25 million in 1964 to \$1.04 billion last year. Last week the company reported that volume for the first half of this year hit \$659 million, or 59% more than a year earlier, and profits came to \$21 million, up 86%.

Wall, who began life as a poor

### ANDERS WALL AT FACTORY





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## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

farmer's son near the town of Uppsala, has become Sweden's highest-paid executive. He earns \$340,000 a year, though taxes gobble up 80% of it. In addition, Wall controls 15% of all outstanding Beijerinvest shares, which at current market prices are worth about \$3.6 million. In marked contrast to the stereotype of the dour Swede, Wall is a chipper, handsome, nattily dressed man who favors loud ties and modern art. A striking transparent torso of a woman stuffed with American \$1 bills adorns his Stockholm office. Wall's key strength as an executive—a virtue that pleases even Sweden's socialists—is his almost uncanny ability to spot the flaws in ailing firms and then transform the companies into profitable ventures. Supremely confident, he has no problem living with his success and big income. Says he: "I deserve it."

Wall has reason for satisfaction. When he was 16, his father died, and Wall, while attending high school, went to work in a brick factory, hustled subscriptions for the local newspaper and later sold real estate. At 20 he enrolled in Stockholm's School of Economics, where he caught the eye of Kjell Beijer, Beijerinvest's owner, who hired him part time. Wall joined the company in 1938, and in 1964 was given chief responsibility for the firm's operations. Immediately he set out to expand the company, selling off deadwood and using the money to buy firms with fatter profit potential. In the process, he spread the company's branches throughout Europe, the U.S. and Japan.

**Biggest Coup.** Among many other things, Wall forged two medium-size steel firms into Sweden's largest privately owned steel and foundry company, built a small licensing operation, Crawford Door, into Europe's leading maker of overhead sliding doors, and acquired Pribo, a major food-processing and leisure-goods conglomerate. His companies greatly expanded trade with Eastern Europe, exporting manufactured goods and importing meat, fish and other raw materials. In 1974 Wall scored one of his biggest coups by swallowing up Scandinavian Trading Co., which has become one of Europe's leading independent oil firms.

Wall, convinced that his company is now diversified enough to protect it against sudden shocks in any one segment of the economy, insists that his rush for major acquisitions is over. "What remains," he says, "is some fine adjustments—sell a bit here, buy a bit there." Wall manages to soften the hectic 16-hour-a-day pace of his business life by relaxing with his family, which he calls "my breathing space." Every weekend he, his wife Ann, his son Johan, 11, and his daughter Osa, 7, escape to the family's 600-acre farm at Starfors. Ironically, the farm is one of Wall's few money-losing enterprises. But, says the executive, "it's a lot of fun, and it helps me hold on to my roots."



GODDESS OF SINCERITY LOOMS OVER MAIN FLOOR AT TOKYO'S MITSUKOSHI STORE

## RETAILING

### Sincerity for Sale

Tokyo's big Mitsukoshi department store was acting out part of its heritage last week. Founded three centuries ago as a kimono shop, Mitsukoshi was awash in its annual kimono sale—unquestionably the largest, silkier, costliest and most colorful event of its kind anywhere. Thousands of kimonos were spread over an acre of selling space at prices averaging \$350\* and ranging up to \$10,700. With a small army of 300 kimono-clad saleswomen amid the racks, Mitsukoshi officials expect to sell \$2.1 million worth of the traditional Japanese garments before the sale ends Sept. 19.

But it has taken more than kimonos to make Mitsukoshi Japan's largest department store—and certainly one of the busiest single stores in the world. Sales last year reached \$492 million (about \$160 million for Macy's Herald Square store in Manhattan), equal to a third of the 14-store Mitsukoshi chain's revenues of \$1.4 billion. Mitsukoshi outstrips even New York's Bloomingdale's (TIME cover, Dec. 1) and Paris' Printemps for eclecticism—a lure that on a typical weekend will draw a quarter of a million people through the main store's selling aisles.

"Customers want to mix the pleasures of shopping, dining and admiring culture all at the same time," says Mitsukoshi President Shigeru Okada—and the store affords ample opportunity for all these. On its seven floors, with their tightly packed 16.5 acres of selling space, Mitsukoshi offers half a million kinds of merchandise. They include Bohemian crystal, Rolls-Royces with \$60,000 price tags and homelier items like American jeans and portions of grilled eel.

\*Genuine kimonos are expensive and are not to be confused with kimono-like cotton garments called *yukata*, which sell for as little as \$20.

Shoppers also have at their disposal 32 restaurants, two movie theaters and a rooftop playground where they can deposit their children. On the fourth floor, Mitsukoshi sells life insurance and \$600 package funerals that come complete with a graveside service conducted by a Buddhist monk.

Sales frequently are tied to events of world or national importance. The U.S. Bicentennial was no exception. On its main floor not long ago, Mitsukoshi displayed one of Martha Washington's evening dresses and a gown worn by Mary Lincoln—both borrowed from a private American collection. Another bit of Americana: the upright piano that Teddy Roosevelt played while he was President. Mitsukoshi's shelves were stocked with \$3.3 million in U.S.-made goods. Among the scores of items: McDonald's hamburgers, Ben Hogan golf clubs, a \$566,000 emerald ring from Tiffany.

**Imperial Family.** "Our customers range from princesses to office ladies," says Okada. The store is a purveyor to the imperial family, outfitting Emperor Hirohito with suits and shirts. Competitors often snicker at Mitsukoshi's "imperial connection," charging that it makes the store snobbish and elitist. But Okada points out that half the store's business comes from affluent Japanese in their 20s and 30s who are attracted by Mitsukoshi's talent for combining modernity and tradition.

In no other store, for instance, can a Japanese shopper amble through Cartier and Tiffany salons and, at almost every turn, receive a gracious bow from clerks. Mitsukoshi's 4,500 employees are specifically taught to show respect for customers "by lowering the position of the bottom," as one executive puts it, and to exude sincerity. That is a company policy that staffers find hard to forget. A 33-ft. statue towers over the street-level selling floor. Its name: *The Goddess of Sincerity*.

## Summer Clearance

Some movies, made especially for the undemanding, easy-living days of summer, contrive to linger on after the season has passed. Finding them in a local theater is like shaking forgotten grains of beach sand out of a shoe. A few survivors still on view.

**FUTUREWORLD** is a sequel to *Westworld*, a movie that concerned a sinister amusement park called Delos. The place was staffed with robots that were controlled by a bank of computers tended by some frosty-eyed scientists in immaculate white smocks. Delos was dedicated to the fulfillment of adult fantasy: pay the hefty tab for a lay at the park and one could be a gunman in the Old West, say, or a knight preparing for a joust. The robots eventually rebelled, however, and haywired the whole park.

In *Futureworld*, Delos is back in business, run by the sinisterly avuncular Arthur Hill. Everything seems to be humming smoothly, but there is more than a hint that Hill is using the place for his own dastardly purposes. Two ace journalists—an irreverent newspaperman (Peter Fonda) and an anxious, abrasive broadcaster (Blythe Danner)—trace down the truth to the very bowels of Delos itself. *Futureworld* is daffy and easy to take, with a relaxed, ingratiating performance by Fonda and a very witty, rambunctious one by Ms. Danner, who is altogether one of the niftiest actresses around. Resemblances between Ms. Danner's deft caricature and a couple of real live newswomen named Barbara Walters and Sally Quinn are

DANNER BEING ZAPPED IN *FUTUREWORLD*



probably not coincidental.

**THE GUMBALL RALLY** is a car stunt comedy about an informal but highly ritualized coast-to-coast race. The competition, organized by a bored businessman (Michael Sarrazin), is joined by a loose freemasonry of friends, rivals and fellow speed freaks. Among them: a libidinous Italian race driver (Raul Julia), a Pennsylvania housewife (Susan Flannery), a crazed motorcyclist (Harvey Jason), even a mechanic and his obstreperous girl friend (nicely played by Lazaro Perez and Tricia O'Neil) who yell and argue from the Hudson River to the Pacific. The course is the superhighway system of America. The object is to get from Manhattan to the dock of the *Queen Mary* in Long Beach, Calif., preferably without being busted by a perennially thwarted cop named Roscoe (Normann Burton). The best time for the race is a shade over 34 hours. There are no rules.

This loud and largely dismal exercise represents the culmination of one direction contemporary American movies have taken. Despite the functional presence of actors, the cars are the true heroes. Romantic interludes are represented by automobiles pulling up alongside each other at midnight on a long stretch of highway. Car crashes must do double duty: they serve as both spectacle and comic relief. This film, as mechanical as a lube job, gives the distinct impression that it could have done without characters completely. A good thing that people are still required to get cars started and keep them on the road. Otherwise, Rolls-Royce and Ferrari would have been battling for billing above the title.

**ODE TO BILLY JOE**, an extrapolation on Bobbie Gentry's 1967 back-country ballad about the young boy who jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge, is a nice surprise. Director Max Baer (*Macon County Line*) has a good, close feeling for the rural South, and the movie—shot on location in Mississippi—is careful about people, sharp in selecting and using details of landscape: hushed green fields, a sinuous, umbilical river, a house perched on the edge of woods as if waiting to be enfolded in the trees. Herman Raucher's screenplay concerns the real reason Billy Joe threw himself off the bridge, an eventual revelation that is dramatic without being hysterical.

As in Raucher's previous *Summer of '42*, much of the dialogue written for the adolescent lovers (well played by



ROBBY BENSON & GLYNNIS O'CONNOR IN *BILLY JOE*  
Coy chatter, polysaturated Salingers

Glynnis O'Connor and Robby Benson) is coy chatter, polysaturated Salingers. Many of the big scenes, in contrast, are levelly written and directed with a certain reluctant reserve that gives them true intensity. The last scene especially, which reveals all about Billy Joe's tragedy, has a fine force that goes well beyond the modest limits this movie has set for itself. The scene belongs mostly to the man who brought about Billy Joe's death, a character acted by James Best with a kind of desperate dignity that does not permit self-pity. Best's performance contributes in large measure to the film's strength, which comes not so much from the surprise itself as the lingering impact that it has. **Jay Cocks**

## White Trash

GATOR

Directed by BURT REYNOLDS

Screenplay by WILLIAM NORTON

In the hierarchy of modern movie society, *Gator* must be ranked as poor white trash—the kind of tacky little film that finds its natural home in small-town drive-ins and at those tattered old downtown theaters that specialize in double-feature action programs. Yet *Gator* offers the agreeably self-satisfying presence of Burt Reynolds and evidence that he may also have some modest talent for vigorously unsophisticated direction.

Reynolds is cast as a moonshiner offered forgiveness for his sins against the revenue code if he will serve his coun-

CINEMA

try as an unofficial undercover agent. Specifically his assignment is to gather information against an erstwhile chum, a hoodlum played with menacing Southern smarm by Jerry Reed. The hood has become the chief source of corruption in one of those corrupt little Southern towns that may only exist in popular fiction, where their function is to focus the otherwise vague regional fears of Northern liberals. In his pursuit of Reed, the reluctant Reynolds becomes involved with an engaging assortment of odd characters: Jack Weston as a New York-born Government man parboiling in sweaty paranoia; Alice Ghostley as a dotty old bookkeeper who has the goods on the gangster; Lauren Hutton as a TV newshen whose professional ambitions are at war with her attraction to the superstud from the swamps. The job also



HUTTON & REYNOLDS IN *GATOR*  
Undercover agent at work.

involves Reynolds, a former stunt man, in a couple of nice action sequences, including a high-velocity motorboat chase and an imaginatively staged concluding set-to with his former friend. Finally, there is a leave-taking between Reynolds and Hutton that is lightly, rightly touched with romantic rue.

What finally prevents *Gator* from rising above its humble origins is an awkward mixture of moods that Director Reynolds never really manages to sort out and smooth over. The picture's basic ambience is rather larkish, but there are melodramatic sequences of near-Victorian sentimentality (especially in an exploration of a cathouse specializing in drugged adolescents) and others that stress a kind of Disposalist-style violence. These sudden shifts in tone are disorienting and make what might have been a modestly entertaining venture into something that is unfortunately less than the sum of its several good parts.

Richard Schickel

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CHARLIE'S ANGELS



ALL'S FAIR



EXECUTIVE SUITE

## The Boom Tube's Prime Time

*Archie Bunker seeks sexual fulfillment with a waitress. Rhoda and Joe bust up. Charlie Haggars undergoes television's first testicle transplant. Maude's Arthur goes bankrupt. Ted Baxter has a heart attack in mid-newscast. Lionel Jefferson marries Jennie. Florida loses her husband. McMillan loses his wife, his sidekick and his housekeeper. And...*

These are a few of the momentous developments that will engross the Great American Electronic Family with the start of the new television season this Sunday. In addition to the familiar programs, the networks will introduce 21 new shows in prime time. Never have producers of TV fare worked harder to catch the viewer's fancy; never have the financial stakes been so high for the industry.

From Manhattan's Avenue of the Americas, where the fortress headquarters of the three national television networks are clustered within five blocks, to Los Angeles, the studio assembly line of TV entertainment, the past few weeks have been the most grueling in the industry's history. The competition between CBS, NBC and ABC is more intense than ever. ABC, until recently the perennial underdog, is suddenly the top network since CBS's brilliant programmer, Fred Silverman, moved to it and found Laverne, Shirley and the Fonzy ready for picking from *Happy Days*.

All three networks are riding high on record incomes: \$6.6 billion in advertising revenue, up a full 25% over 1975. Moreover, TV rates can only rise farther. Prime-time commercial time is sold out through mid-1977 at prices up to 50% higher than last year's rates. "This season," boasts an NBC executive, "we could sell a test pattern." It is the prime of the Boom Tube.

The success or failure of the new schedules will immediately affect the financial well-being of the networks. The bigger the audience for any show, the fatter the advertising revenues that flow into the network; a winner can charge up to \$140,000 a minute for commercials, enough to pay the entire cost of a 30-minute show; a loser may get only \$90,000. The difference of one Nielsen rating point for a season, reflected in advertising rates, can mean the loss or gain of \$15 million in one year.

Such risks make the networks conservative. Though they can—and do—turn obscure actors like Henry Winkler into certified

stars in four or five weeks, they are as reluctant to gamble on the untried as Nick the Greek would be to bet on a frog-jumping contest.

Thus the familiar faces—and many cast-in-concrete formats—keep coming back. Dick Van Dyke, Carol Burnett, Sonny and Cher, Tony Orlando and Dawn, among others, all have weekly variety shows again this season. *Hawaii Five-O* enters its ninth year, *Mary Tyler Moore* and *All in the Family* their seventh.

In the biggest departure from old formats and formulas, the networks are turning to expensively produced dramatic serials and adaptations of bestselling novels; the emphasis is on high drama and convoluted story lines that lather on from week to week. This strongly resembles what soap opera has been doing for decades. Some of the soaps' Homeric techniques have already sussed off on the evening shows, partly through the smash spoof opera *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*.

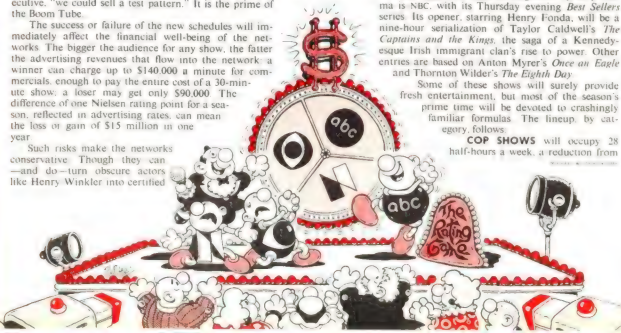
The runaway hit *Rich Man, Poor Man* was last year's most influential show. It used heartthrob, class envy, suicide, seduction, desolation and disease with all the abandon of *Days of Our Lives*. Along with ABC's four-hour *Eleanor and Franklin*, it jolted the networks into restructuring the traditional grid of episodic family and doctor dramas. *RM, PM*, a \$6 million mini-series based on Irwin Shaw's novel, picks up the plot this season as a full-fledged ABC serial called *RM, PM Book II*.

Other new dramatic serials, notably CBS's *Executive Suite*, which uses a corporate shelter for exploring the lives of dozens of people and their families employed by one company, also borrow the daytime shows' mode of interweaving multiple plots. Notes Bud Grant, CBS programming chief: "The serial is the most powerful form invented for television. Once you hook an audience, it stays hooked."

The biggest investor in long-form dynasty drama is NBC, with its Thursday evening *Best Sellers* series. Its opener, starring Henry Fonda, will be a nine-hour serialization of Taylor Caldwell's *The Captains and the Kings*, the saga of a Kennedyesque Irish immigrant clan's rise to power. Other entries are based on Anton Myer's *Once an Eagle* and Thornton Wilder's *The Eighth Day*.

Some of these shows will surely provide fresh entertainment, but most of the season's prime time will be devoted to crashingly familiar formulas. The lineup, by category, follows:

**COP SHOWS** will occupy 28 half-hours a week, a reduction from





SERPICO



NANCY WALKER



TONY RANDALL

last year's cop content. A promising entry on CBS is *Delvecchio*, a big-city (write in Los Angeles) police detective with a law degree. NBC is countering with *Serpico*, based on the best-selling book and hit movie about a real-life New York cop. ABC has a conventional cop show, *Most Wanted*, starring the able but unexciting Robert Stack. A bigger gamble is ABC's opulently produced *Charlie's Angels*, in which three sexy women investigators—Kate Jackson, Farrah Fawcett-Majors and Jaclyn Smith—are given high-risk assignments. *Mission: Impossible* style, by a superdetective whom they never see.

**THE WESTERN**, which went thataway years ago, returns on NBC with *Quest*, the story of two brothers' search for a long-lost sister who has been raised by an Indian tribe. It is all suspiciously similar to John Ford's film *The Searchers*.

**THE SITCOM** has two new entries from Norman Lear and one from Mary Tyler Moore's mill. As might be expected, the most sophisticated, *All's Fair*, is a Lear production for CBS. The story about a conservative Washington columnist in his late 40s, played by Richard Crenna, and his affair with a young, radical chic photographer, gives saucer-eyed Bernadette Peters a long-overdue opportunity to close in on an identifiable personality. But *All's Fair* is not for all viewers. In the damning words of one West Coast handicapper: "It's a thinking man's show."

Lear's other new sitcom, *The Nancy Walker Show*, has the inspired notion of casting the crafty comedienne as a high-powered Hollywood agent married to a Navy officer who decides to retire from the sea. (Lear's low regard for TV brass is reflected in the character of a network executive whose eight-year-old son makes all his programming decisions.) A likely hit.

MTM's *The Tony Randall Show* on ABC brings back *The Odd Couple* farceur in the role of a widowed judge in Philadelphia. The tired story line—the two motherless kids advising Dad on his sex life, an abrasive English housekeeper played by the admirable Rachel Roberts—is a tenuous handle for Randall.

**THE BIONICS** are multiplying like Texas Instruments' common stock. In addition to the *Six Million Dollar Man* and its automated rib-out, *Bionic Woman*, ABC has *Holmes and Yoyo*, featuring a robot programmed to do cops' work for kids' amusement. NBC recycles *The Invisible Man* as *Gemini Man*.

**VARIETY COMEDY**, that standard entry, will include the engaging Bill Cosby, with a comedy hour on ABC in prime kiddy time. He faces tough competition from the perennial *Wonderful World of Disney* (NBC) in the 7 p.m. Sunday slot, known in the trade as "death alley." *The Captain and Tennille*, a.k.a. Pop Musicians Daryl Dragon and wife Toni Tennille, are all jackluster, and bi up against *Rhoda* and *Phyllis* from 8 p.m. to 9 p.m. Mondays, and may have to go bionic to survive. The same thing goes for Van Dyke and company on NBC, which is set for 10 p.m. on Thursdays.

**SPECIALS**, those traditional one-shot blockbusters, will fea-

ture Jackie Gleason, Bob Hope, Charlie Brown, Neil Diamond, Johnny Cash, Bing Crosby and many others. This kind of show is virtually the property of NBC this year. The network has scheduled 190 hours of nonseries specials programming, plus 45 hours of a weekly spectacular it calls *The Big Event*. TBE is an amalgam of movies, novels-into-books and such non-happenings as a 4½-hour special—during its worst rated year ever—in honor of NBC's own 50th anniversary. Highlights: the first network TV showing of *Gone With the Wind* in two parts (commercials were sold for \$235,000 per minute) and a salute to cinema called *LIFE Goes to the Movies*. Despite its grandiose title and all-star goodie, TBE may have trouble developing a loyal audience. "With a title like that," says Frank Price, who heads Universal's TV division, "you need to have the Christians facing the lions. Nothing else will do."

**FILMS** are, of course, a diminishing species, and even fewer of them can be blue-penciled for TV. So, though all three networks carry on with movie nights (NBC has four, in addition to the superlicks on *The Big Event*), many of the films are made for TV. Among them *Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye*, based on the best-selling book about John F. Kennedy (NBC), and inevitably, *Look What's Happened to Rosemary's Baby* with Ruth Gordon (ABC).

**ADVENTURE** as a category looks upward. Two shows celebrate the wild blue yonder: *Spencer's Pilots* (CBS) records the adventures of two young pilots who work for an independent aviation company, against ABC's *Donny and Marie* and NBC's *Sanford and Son*, they may never get it off the ground. *Baa Baa Black Sheep* (NBC) expands the feats of scrappy Pappy Boyington, the celebrated World War II Marine Corps fighter pilot, in *Dirty Dozen* fashion.

As certain as the cathode ray guns of autumn, professional and amateur TV critics in the next few weeks will raise their familiar September Song of despair, the Wasteland Revisited dirge. The point that they invariably miss is that the programs visited upon the public tell as much about the national psyche as the deodorant commercials. Viewers may not get what they deserve, but to a remarkable degree they get what they want. Television is not folklore or an art form but an advertising medium. "Our product," says one network official, "is heads in front of television sets." If the current lineup fails in the ratings, replacements—already chosen—will start appearing next month.

Quite clearly, if people want cultural uplift, it is not from TV—at least, not in very large doses. The critics might be encouraged by the fact that shows of above-medium competence, such as *Eleanor and Franklin* and *Helter Skelter*, have been successful, and that the networks have now invested huge sums in the serialization of novels, culturally a hefty cut above the sitcom. If Thornton Wilder can survive serialization and engross the viewer, who can say that the networks cannot some day succeed with, say, *War and Peace* or *Look Homeward, Angel*?

GEMINI MAN



BILL COSBY



DICK VAN DYKE



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## SCIENCE



AERIAL VIEW OF MARTIAN SURFACE



VIKING 2 LOOKS OUT ON ROCK-STREWN PLAIN FURROWED BY SHALLOW CHANNEL

dropped silently out of space and bumped to a landing on Mars' Utopia Planitia (plains of Utopia), some 4,600 miles east-northeast and almost halfway around the planet from Viking 1 (*see map*). The landing gave scientists some anxious moments. Shortly after separation from its lander, the Viking 2 orbiter lost its "lock" on the star Vega and began to roll, breaking its contact with mission controllers at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif. But even as engineers worked feverishly to correct the problem with the orbiter, the lander was performing perfectly, coasting through the thin Martian atmosphere to a landing only 32 seconds behind schedule. "It's a very interesting thing," commented Viking Project Manager James Martin. "The lander doesn't seem to need us."

The first view of Viking 2's new home, transmitted back to earth the following day, was also a surprise. Scientists had expected from orbital observations that the landing site would be covered with Sahara-like dunes. But

the first panoramic pictures showed an area strikingly similar to that occupied by Viking 1: a relatively flat plain, strewn with porous, spongy-looking rocks that seemed as if they might be volcanic in origin and cut by a shallow channel that could have been carved by running water.

Scientists lost no time in studying Viking 2's new surroundings. With signals that took 21 minutes to traverse the

228,670,000 miles from earth to Mars, they swiveled the lander's cameras around for a better look at the Utopia site and the planet's salmon-pink sky, triggered its seismometers so that it could listen for Marsquakes (similar devices on Viking 1 have failed to work) and switched on its weather station instruments.

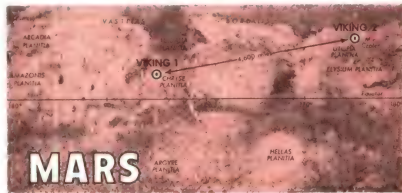
**Exotic Chemistry.** But the devices that got the most attention were those in Viking 2's biology laboratory, the small (1 cu. ft.) package designed to detect life on Mars. This week the lander is to stretch out its robot arm, scoop up a sample of Martian soil and dump it into the minilab, which will repeat the three life-seeking experiments already performed by Viking 1. If the scoop works and all goes according to schedule, the results of these experiments could be in early next week.

They will be awaited eagerly, for the results of the tests already done by Viking 1 have been ambiguous—teasingly hinting at the existence of life, yet failing to find a key element that would

## Looking for the Bodies

Edgar Rice Burroughs peopled Mars with bosomy princesses and Tarzan-like adventurers. H.G. Wells populated the planet with huge, insectlike creatures. NASA scientists have yet to find either maidens or monsters on the Red Planet, but their epoch-making explorations increasingly suggest that there may be more on Mars than rocks. Though the Viking 1 lander has yet to discover the organic compounds that would enable scientists to say with any confidence that there is life out there, it has sent back evidence that processes usually associated with life on earth also take place on Mars. Says Harold Klein, leader of the Viking biology team: "Mars is telling us something. The question is whether Mars is talking with a forked tongue or giving us the straight dope."

This week scientists are involved in a new effort to find the answer to this question. Two weeks ago Viking 2





help confirm it. In one life-detection experiment, a soil sample that had been dampened with "chicken soup"—a nutrient broth designed to satisfy any Martian microbes' tastes—released surprisingly large quantities of oxygen. In another test, a sample that was also moistened with a nutrient and incubated released large amounts of carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide. Subsequent reruns of these tests by Viking 1 proved puzzling, however. The production of the telltale gases slumped, and the scientists reluctantly concluded that the reactions they had observed might just as easily have been produced by some sort of exotic extraterrestrial chemistry as by Martian microorganisms.

But an experiment designed to detect photosynthesis—the process by which green plants on earth use sunlight, water and carbon dioxide to make organic matter—was more encouraging. The data from Viking 1 showed that the Martian soil sample had absorbed carbon from the atmosphere in amounts that could not easily be explained by chemistry alone. When the experiment was performed using a sterilized sample, a much lower level of activity was observed, suggesting that organisms might have been killed. On earth, says Biochemist Norman Horowitz of the California Institute of Technology, this would have been considered "a weak but definitely positive biological signal." Despite this discovery, scientists are still unwilling to say that there is life on Mars. Viking 1's sophisticated gas chromatograph-mass spectrometer has yet to detect any evidence of the carbon-based organic compounds that constitute a basic ingredient of life, a fact which argues against its existence. "There's every sign of life except death," said a frustrated Klein last week. "Where are the bodies?"

If Viking 2, which has set down in a damper and thus potentially more fertile region of Mars than Viking 1, can find those biological bodies, it would not be a great surprise. Mars, after all, does contain all the elements necessary for the evolution of life. But even if no life is discovered, few scientists are likely to be disappointed, for the Viking mission is providing them with an unprecedented opportunity to examine another world. It has also given them an impetus for intensifying their explorations of Mars. Even as Viking 2 touched down, scientists were considering the possibilities of sending another lander, one able to move around, as Viking 1 and 2 cannot, to Mars during the next decade.

## Eureka!

Toiling in an arcane area that totally baffles most ordinary mortals, mathematicians usually despair of even trying to explain their work to laymen. Yet recently two University of Illinois mathematicians announced a breakthrough of such widespread interest that



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#### SCIENCE

even the reticent American Mathematical Society issued a rare press release. The news, after more than a century of futile brain racking, one of mathematics' most famous teasers—the so-called four-color conjecture—has finally been proved.

First stated in 1853 by a London graduate student named Francis Guthrie, the conjecture is simple. It says that no more than four colors are needed to shade any map so that no two adjoining countries are the same color. Though the experience of countless cartographers over the years supports the truth of this statement, mathematicians have never been able to prove it for all cases. Hence there remained the gnawing feeling that there just might be one instance where, say, five colors were needed instead of only four. Indeed, when *Scientific American's* puckish columnist Martin Gardner last year announced that such a "counter example" had indeed been found, it stunned math buffs everywhere—until they realized the claim was an April Fool's gag.

**New Frontiers.** The proof announced by Mathematicians Kenneth Appel and Wolfgang Haken in this month's math society *Bulletin* is no joke, however. They began by viewing the different possible maps that might be constructed in terms of simple and therefore mathematically manageable dots and lines. By this "graph" system, each country became a point, boundaries between countries became lines linking the dots. Painstakingly examining every imaginable map that could be fashioned out of these points and lines, Appel and Haken concluded that no matter how complex the map was, it had to contain at least one of 1,936 basic forms—or, in the jargon that helps keep mathematics mysterious, reducible configurations—that they had identified. Then they fed the forms into a computer and asked, in effect, whether all possible maps containing these configurations could indeed be made with only four colors. The electronic brain wrestled with the question for some 1,200 hours, during which it made some 10 billion separate, logical decisions. Finally the machine replied yes, and the four-color conjecture turned from theory into fact.

For mathematics, Appel and Haken's achievement may mean more than the end to a stubborn problem. Up to now, many theorists have been wary of using computers rather than simple, elegant blackboard equations to seek out basic mathematical truths: tedious chores like tracking a spacecraft, which involve no new principles, were left to the electronic brains. Now, by dramatically showing that there may be certain fundamental questions that only the high-speed electronic whizzes can answer, Appel and Haken may well have ushered in a new era of computer computation on the frontiers of higher mathematics.

# TALL

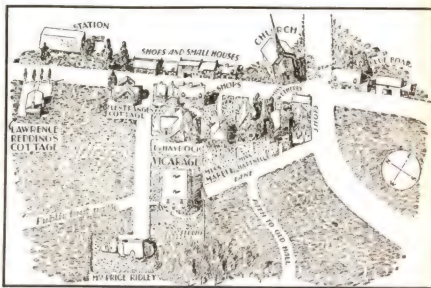
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AGATHA CHRISTIE IN THE 1930s. VILLAGE OF ST. MARY MEAD NOW AND FOREVER

## Marple Is Willing

SLEEPING MURDER

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

242 pages. Dodd, Mead, \$7.95.

It is not for nothing that Dame Agatha Christie used to be called the mistress of the last-minute switch. For years before her death a year ago at 85, her publishers let it be known that they held two novels "in a vault"—naturally—for posthumous publication. The rumor ran that, not wanting any literary hack to mishandle her characters, Agatha Christie had left books satisfactorily killing off her legendary sleuths, Hercule Poirot and Jane Marple. Sure enough, Poirot came to a violent end in *Curtain* when it was finally exhumed and published last year.

Now comes *Sleeping Murder*, the other manuscript that slumbered in the vault for roughly 40 years. It has a switcheroo, all right. The good news is that Miss Marple does not die at all. Instead she was last seen looking out on the harbor at Torquay (where Agatha Christie was born). Less welcome is the news that in this final book she barely comes to life.

One problem is that despite its title, the book is much more an English gothic romance than a mystery. Gwendolyn, a dim young woman orphaned as a toddler and brought up by relatives in New Zealand, arrives back in Britain with her new husband, Giles. No sooner have they bought a nice house in the town of Dillmouth than Gwendolyn starts getting attacks of *déjà vu* and is clutched by a nameless dread while descending the stairs. It is soon clear to the reader, and

eventually even to dim Gwendolyn, that she has been here before. Just as predictably, as a tiny child she saw a murder from the stairs.

Luckily for everyone, she is distantly related to Miss Marple. The old lady turns up in Dillmouth, and sternly leads Gwendolyn through the complexities of her past—most of them available to any reader who looks up the quotation from *The Duchess of Malvi* that the author drops like a stone early in the story.

These doings might be supportable if Giles and Gwendolyn had only bought property in Miss Marple's home village of St. Mary Mead. Indeed, the biggest mystery about *Sleeping Murder* is the author's choice of setting. Sturdy though she is, Miss Marple seems off balance in Dillmouth, away from her cowslip wine, her knitting, her garden and especially her friends.

**Peonies for Life.** How one misses that old supporting cast! Much more than Poirot, Miss Marple inhabits a fixed and lively world. There is her tactless next-door neighbor, Miss Hartnell, "weather-beaten and jolly and much dreaded by the poor"; the wealthy, amiable Bantrys; taciturn Sir Henry Clithering, who once ran Scotland Yard; and the village snob, Mrs. Price Ridley. Among Agatha Christie lovers, that lady is justly famous for putting a pound in the offertory bag on the anniversary of her son's death and then severely taxing gentle Vicar Clement when his counts show the largest contribution that Sunday to be ten shillings.

In many of the 15 Miss Marple novels, these people are just swift sketches. But readers savor them. Miss Marple herself is a fairly complex character and

the one dearest to the author. She has changed somewhat over the years—but never enough to resemble the more boisterous, vulgar character played so well on the screen by Margaret Rutherford.

In the early books, like *The Murder at the Vicarage*, Miss Marple was a snoop as well as a sleuth, the worst old cut in the village. Her famous garden was a smokescreen, and her fondness for observing birds through powerful glasses could be turned to other purposes. As time passed, Dr. Haydock had to tell Miss Marple gently that gardening was making her rheumatism worse. She became quieter and less flighty. But her methods of detection were always the same. Where Poirot used his "little gray cells," Jane Marple extrapolated from her knowledge of St. Mary Mead. A swindler? She remembers Mrs. Trout, who "drew the old-age pension, you know, for three old women who were dead, in different parishes." A cruel murderer? "Mrs. Green, you know. She buried five children—and every one of them insured."

The villain in *Sleeping Murder* is not nearly so enterprising. About all Miss Marple has to do is to keep her dogged young friends from pursuing their own dim-witted plans. What is comforting about the book is Miss Marple's presence and the fact that the author could not bring herself to do her character in. As Miss Marple once told her friend Elspeth McGillicuddy during a horticultural discussion, "Peonies are unaccountable. Either they do—or they don't do. But if they do establish themselves, they are with you for life." The old spinster apparently became like the peonies in her garden.

Martha Duffy

## Green Magic

MOTHER IRELAND  
by EDNA O'BRIEN

144 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.  
\$12.95.

"Suddenly you must get away," writes Novelist Edna O'Brien, 45, in *Mother Ireland*, her first work of non-fiction. "The country is breathlessly beautiful, but there is too an undeniable sadness, the sadness of being cut off, a cultural atrophy that goes all the way to the brain." O'Brien did get away, but she never escaped from the enchantment of Ireland's bleak beauty and rich legends. Hence *Mother Ireland*, an aptly titled remembrance of things past that re-creates the Ireland she knew as a child with the help of some nostalgic photographs. Its boundaries are a rural village, a schoolroom, a convent. The characters are the heroes and hobgoblins of the author's past: long-suffering mothers, drunken fathers, a madman, a traveling Jew.

**Crossed legs.** In that faraway world, life was "fervid, enclosed, catastrophic." Terror lurked everywhere. Adults were "formidable people" with "inscrutable humors." Even the placid rural scene, full of sleepy sows and hens, could turn menacing on a solitary trek homeward from the village. Sex and sin were constant companions. "At ten or eleven years, when on a visit [to Limerick], you sat in a chapel with your legs crossed and were asked by an incensed lady to please uncross them at once. 'Did you not know,' she said, 'that Our Lady blushes whenever a woman does such an indecent thing?'"

The classroom was ruled over by a high-strung teacher, who let fly with pens, pencils, and a "medley of language that was a compote of Irish, English, Latin and railleury." Life's special occasions, such as the visit of a pale, saintly



SMALL BOYS FACE THE WORLD  
"Suddenly you must get away."

young priest, sometimes broke the routine. "How we fussed over him, wheeling the tea trolley to the edge of the step, calling him 'Father, father.'" Then, the change: childhood dreaming "giving way to a craving for glitter," and her flight first to Dublin, the gateway to England.

Despite the "unhappy ending," as she ironically calls it, *Mother Ireland* is more a storybook tale than are O'Brien's novels, with their modern heroines and migraine headaches. She flits through the past like some Gaelic fairy on the wing, with an eye for precise detail and a leavening of Irish wit that precludes sentimentality.

Annelyn Swan

various subjects (see No. 5 below).

4) Naturally, the advice is always sound. Instead of taking a course in speed reading, Edwin suggests, read more selectively. Take breaks to change the tempo and ease the tension of work. Say no a lot, because "you cannot protect your priorities unless you learn to decline, tactfully but firmly, every request that does not contribute to your goal." One can fight procrastination, too, by (a) chopping up ominously large tasks into easily manageable small components, (b) listing the reasons for delay on one side of a piece of paper and the benefits from completing the job on the other—and then feel ashamed of your irrational lethargy, or (c) picking an important, if unpleasant, chore and completing it the first thing every day. According to Bliss, that will soon break the procrastinating habit.

5) The chances are good that successful people already know all this. The author is thus writing for the great mass of time wasters, fully aware that they probably will not be able to quit having an extra martini at lunch, much less complete their long-range or short-term goals. Still, as a writer's priority, a large audience for a book is not a bad one.

6) Bliss proves by example as well as precept that he is conscious of every minute. Reading time for his little book is about one hour—if one can spare the time.

Philip Herrera

## Hark, Hark, the Clerk

CHARLIE, COME HOME

by R.F. DELDERFIELD  
299 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$8.95.

The late R.F. Delderfield may have been the final heir of a tradition invented to while away long, damp English evenings: the multivolumed family saga. As the literary grandson of Trollope and son of Galsworthy, Delderfield industriously erected his own Barchester Towers, climbed his own Forsythe family tree. His mythical family, the Swanns, lived through everything from the Zulu War to the sinking of the *Titanic*. Writing seven days a week, from 10 in the morning to 1 in the afternoon, and from 6 to 7 in the evening, Delderfield produced an imposing series of doorstoppers, bearing such titles as *God Is an Englishman* and *To Serve Them All My Days*. Then in 1969, as if cocking a snoot at the world of Establishment and tradition, he interrupted himself to write *Charlie, Come Home*, a perky, funny, rather un-Delderfield sort of novel.

This slim volume (by Delderfield standards) would not hold even a closet door open. As far as the flag and the Empire are concerned, it might be subtitled *To Subvert Them All My Days* or *The Devil Is a Welshman*. Delderfield's Angry Young Man, 1929-style, is a young bank clerk named Charlie Pritchard—5 ft. 5 in. of meekness, with horn-rimmed glasses. After six years of dil-

## One-Two-Three

GETTING THINGS DONE  
by EDWIN C. BLISS

124 pages. Scribners. \$6.95.

1) This book touches a sensitive nerve—how to make the most of available time. Though it is aimed primarily at businessmen who know they waste time and wish they didn't, its lessons apply to nearly everyone. One major cure for chronic time wasters, according to Edwin Bliss, a management consultant, is to write out lists setting priorities. Facing the truth tends to clarify things. Yes, indeed.

2) Bliss's style is terse, occasionally leavened by anecdote. Unlike C. Northcote Parkinson and Laurence J. Peter, Bliss's purpose is not amusing originality but utility. He is serious. He refers to his readers directly as "you." He has some sympathy for time wasted, but not much. After all, it's your life that is slipping away so irrevocably.

3) The author divides his work into alphabetical sections suitable for future reference. A is for Alcohol, for instance. B is for Bottlenecks. C is for Clutter, etc. Cross references in the text link

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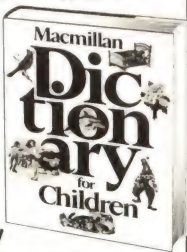
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## BOOKS

igent work in his drab little Welsh seaside town, Charlie still boards in a room formerly occupied by a pickle salesman. He has barely risen to be fifth of six clerks. "That's a safe job," everybody tells Charlie until the poor lad, in quiet panic, begins to see 40 years to retirement stretching ahead of him.

A pair of women soon make a man out of Charlie. Ida, the bank manager's daughter, first seduces him. Delphine, the *femme fatale* waitress at the Rainbow Cafe, continues Charlie's education. When he looks into Delphine's eyes—"midway between the underside of a periwinkle petal and the heart of a violet"—Charlie feels up to anything Delphine suggests, including Rob the bank

Up to this point, *Charlie, Come Home* is another worm-turns farce, starring Peter Sellers. But as the tunnel lengthens from the cellar of the Rainbow to the vault of the bank, Delderfield's story takes on a certain serpentine depth. Charlie becomes disenchanted with Delphine and indifferent even to the pot of gold at the end of the Rainbow. Yet he perseveres. Why?

Delderfield's answer is hardly original, but coming from a saga writer, it bears a special weight. Looking back at himself 40 years later, old Charlie concludes that young Charlie was more or less right. A man must kick against the System—play the rebel, if not the outlaw—in order to become a man. Listening to Charlie, Delderfield seems staggered himself and hastily pulls back from profundity to close out his novel with a twist as old as one of O. Henry's. Still, it works, just as almost everything by Delderfield works. Who else could write a bright and brassy bit of entertainment that doubles as an old pro's epitaph on his own genre?

**Melvin Maddocks**

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

- 1—Trinity, Urs (1 last week)
- 2—Delores, Susan (2)
- 3—Touch Not the Cat, Stewart (4)
- 4—The Lonely Lady, Robbins (3)
- 5—The Deep, Benchley (5)
- 6—Ordinary People, Guest (7)
- 7—Crowned Heads, Tryon (6)
- 8—A God Against the Gods, Drury (10)
- 9—The Pride of the Peacock, Hall
- 10—A Stranger in the Mirror, Sheldon (8)

### NONFICTION

- 1—Passages, Sheehy (1)
- 2—The Final Days, Woodward & Bernstein (2)
- 3—Your Erroneous Zones, Dyer (7)
- 4—World of Our Fathers, Howe (4)
- 5—Scoundrel Time, Hellman (6)
- 6—A Year of Beauty and Health, Beverly & Vidal Sassoon (5)
- 7—A Man Called Intrepid, Stevenson (3)
- 8—Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream, Kears (8)
- 9—Black Sun, Wolf
- 10—Loretta Lynn, Lynn & Vecsey (10)



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Cities Served	
<b>ALLEGHENY</b>	<b>77</b>
American Airlines	55

Sources: U.S. Department of Transportation

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MORAL THEOLOGIAN JOHN McNEILL

## Sexual Dissent

*Homosexual acts are intrinsically disordered and can in no way be approved of.*

—Vatican Declaration on Sexual Ethics, January 1976

When the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith issued its 5,000-word statement on homosexuality, premarital sex and masturbation, it was responding in part to complaints that the church was not providing sufficient guidelines for sexual behavior and attitudes. Days later, Father John McNeill, a Jesuit priest and former teacher of moral theology at the now defunct Woodstock College and at Fordham University, won the designation *Imprimi Potest* (it can be printed) for a book strongly attacking the church's views on homosexuality. It had taken two years to win that designation, which is not an endorsement. Jesuit Superior General Pedro Arrupe had delayed publication while McNeill consulted scholars and revised the book to specify ways in which it differs from church teachings.

**One-Night Stands.** In the newly released book *The Church and the Homosexual* (Sheed Andrews and McNeill), McNeill finds those teachings an intolerable burden. The Catholic Church advocates that a homosexual should try to become heterosexual and, if he fails, insists that he abstain from sex entirely because no homosexual act can be justified morally. McNeill maintains that such teaching results in "one-night stands" and "suffering, guilt and

mental disorder." Instead, McNeill thinks the church should encourage "a mature homosexual relationship with one partner with the intention of fidelity," though he does not call this marriage.

McNeill denies that there is anything necessarily immoral about homosexual acts. The heart of his case is his reinterpretation of pertinent passages from the Bible, drawing on the work of other liberal scholars who say that condemnations of homosexuality were limited by the cultural context. Thus when the Law of Moses states, "You shall not lie with a male as with a woman; it is an abomination," McNeill treats this as a protest against use of homosexuality in pagan rites. When St. Paul fulminates against "men committing shameless acts with men," McNeill reads it as opposition only to homosexual activity by people who are naturally heterosexual. The ambiguous story in *Genesis 19*, he says, means that Sodom was destroyed not for practicing sodomy but for its "inhospitality" to strangers.

The Catholic Church has traditionally opposed birth control because each sexual act should be open to procreation. Many leading moral theologians now question that contention, and McNeill says their logic should lead them to re-study homosexuality, which has also been condemned because it contravenes the purpose of procreation. Curiously however, McNeill uses something of a natural-law argument of his own. "God so created humans that their sexuality is not determined by their biology," he writes. Therefore "the homosexual condition is according to the will of God."

McNeill admits he has a "homosexual orientation" that he became aware of only after ordination, but he is committed to honoring his priestly vow of chastity. He is currently training to become a psychotherapist and plans to work primarily with homosexuals, while remaining a priest. He hopes that his book, along with organizations like the Roman Catholic Dignity, which he helped found, will at least provoke discussion and at best create new attitudes. "Once the church is aware of the destructive impact of its policies on hundreds of thousands of lives," he says, "it will have to change."

## The Last Sermon

For days, streams of Buddhist pilgrims braving high winds and sub-zero temperatures had made their way along some of the world's tallest mountains in central Kashmir. Most came on foot, some by yak, the more affluent by treacherous day-long Jeep or bus rides. Their destination: Leh, a remote stronghold of the Tibetan culture that had been selected by the 14th Dalai Lama, Tibet's exiled God-King, for a rare spiritual event.

As the week for the ceremony approached, the town became an open-air monastery. Lamas in robes of red and other rubbed shoulders with laymen, zealously spinning the prayer wheels that would magnify a hundredfold the effect of incantations written upon them. The Dalai Lama, followed by flocks of devotees, visited monasteries rancid with the odor of butter-oil lamps. Then, leaving the bustling tent township erect-

ENTHRONED DALAI LAMA DELIVERING WHEEL OF TIME SERMON IN INDIA (1973)



## RELIGION

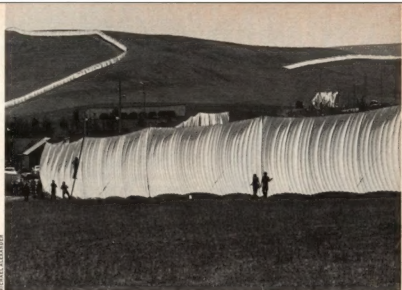
ed for the occasion, he retired with his chosen monks to a small pagoda on the banks of the Indus River to devote six days to prayer and penance.

Finally, last week began the Dhukor Wangchen (the sermon of the Wheel of Time), one of Buddhism's most elaborate rituals. For each of three days, the air exploded with the bellowing of conch shells and rhythmic prayer chants. Then, in the hush that followed, the Dalai Lama delivered an eight-hour discourse on tantrism, the most magical form of Mahayana Buddhism. Renunciation, enlightened motive and a correct understanding of *sunyata* (nothingness) are the three prerequisites for the tantric practice, he explained. Disciples were given two reeds to sleep on, one under the pillow, the other under the mattress, and instructed to remember their dreams so the Dalai Lama could interpret them during the ceremony. On the platform were two ever present reminders of tantric practice: a statue of Kay-Dor, a ferocious manifestation of the Buddha, and an elaborate mandala, a ritual design used in invocations, made out of ground precious stones and sand.

The second of the three days in Leh was an extraordinary test of devotion. No sooner had the saffron-robed speaker begun preaching from his brocade throne than a freezing downpour began, soaking the congregation of 18,000. Everyone sat silently in the rain for four hours, while the air hung heavy with the smell of incense and wet earth. "What faith they must have!" an Indian army officer marveled. "I couldn't sit there for ten minutes."

**Step Toward Bliss.** Such persistence is not hard to fathom. The Dalai Lama is, after all, believed to be the very reincarnation of the Buddha in Buddhism's Tibetan variant. To see him during one of his rare public appearances is a step toward bliss. To hear the Wheel of Time sermon, however, is a guaranteed shortcut to nirvana. Such a blessing is rarely available. A Dalai Lama delivers the sermon only a few times during his lifetime, six being the customary maximum. At Leh, the current Dalai Lama was delivering his sixth sermon.

It may have been not only his last such sermon, but the last Dhukor Wangchen that will ever be delivered. In Tibetan tradition, each Dalai Lama is the reincarnation of his celibate predecessor. The reincarnate leader is discovered while still a boy through divination and wondrous signs in the sky, the vegetation and the sacred lakes of Tibet. In 1959 the present Dalai Lama, then 24, became the most celebrated religious refugee to flee the reign of Mao Tse-tung. Although he said at Leh that he hopes to return one day to his flock in a liberated Tibet, this is a dying dream. Tibet's Chinese rulers have eradicated much of its vast monastic establishment. When the Dalai Lama dies, there may well be no one to search for his successor.



ARTIST CHRISTO'S LATEST WORK, *RUNNING FENCE*, IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

## ART

### Christo: Plain and Fancy

"I predict that artworks of the future will be in size category of Chinese Wall, and may become one day just as beautiful. To me, Chinese Wall is greatest artwork ever created by mankind." Thus said Artist Christo Javacheff (professional name: Christo) in his dense Bulgarian accent, talking to a reporter in 1968. Last week this prediction was coming true—more or less—as Christo's latest project, *Running Fence*, moved toward completion on the coast of northern California. A shimmering construction of nylon slung between steel posts, *Running Fence* issues from the sea at Bodega Bay in Marin County, wending 24½ miles up hill and down dale, over ten public roads (including Highway 101) and through dozens of farms, to finish inland near Petaluma, Calif. For an artwork, it has consumed staggering amounts of time, manpower and materials: 300 students, 2,050 posts, 165,000 yds. of material, miles of wire and hundreds of thousands of hooks.

Since 1972, when Christo conceived the project, it has cost him \$2,250,000—raised by selling off his drawings and project studies to European collectors. A sixth of that sum went on fees to a battery of lawyers who, through 17 public hearings and three sessions of the California Supreme Court, won permission to construct the fence and defended it against suits brought by worried environmentalists, who derisively called it "a roll of toilet paper." There were bomb threats, and rigging trucks were vandalized. "If they tear it down immediately afterward, that's all right," declared the unfazed Christo. "That's all part of the function of a fence. That's process art in action, with a coastal commission and a supreme court as sculptures."

A small wiry man with an intense stare and a manic thirst for promotion, Christo, 41, is no stranger to large projects. He first came to the art world's attention in the late '50s and early '60s by swathing all manner of objects—chairs, trees, cars, women, motorcycles and, in 1968 at "Documenta" in Kassel, West Germany, a 280-ft. column of air—with rope, canvas and sheet plastic. If this all amounted to little more than a series of energetic variations on Man Ray's 1920 *Enigma of Isidore Ducasse* (a sewing machine wrapped and tied in sackcloth and rope), it gave Christo the base for more grandiose and original schemes. In 1969 he went to Australia and used 1 million sq. ft. of synthetic cloth to wrap a mile of rocky coastline. In 1972 he hung an orange curtain a quarter of a mile wide and 365 ft. deep across a scenic valley named Rifle Gap in Colorado.

**Rosy Mist.** *Running Fence*, however, is his largest work to date—and like the others, it is scheduled to be dismantled within two weeks. "It will make one hell of a revival tent when it comes down," mused Pop Artist Jim Rosenquist, one of the group of artists, museum curators and dealers who assembled to watch the installation. "It was a beautiful birth, all rosy mist and hidden sunlight," enthused the curator of Dartmouth's Hopkins Center Art Galleries, Jan van der Marck, a longtime collaborator of Christo's. "It can't be owned or rented or bought. The artist doesn't get any richer, but you do." But was it, a reporter asked, another Great Wall of China? Smiling, Christo revised his 1968 opinion. "No, it is not a Wall of China! China Great Wall built with purpose, therefore not a work of art. Work of art must be unusable! This fence unusable!"



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